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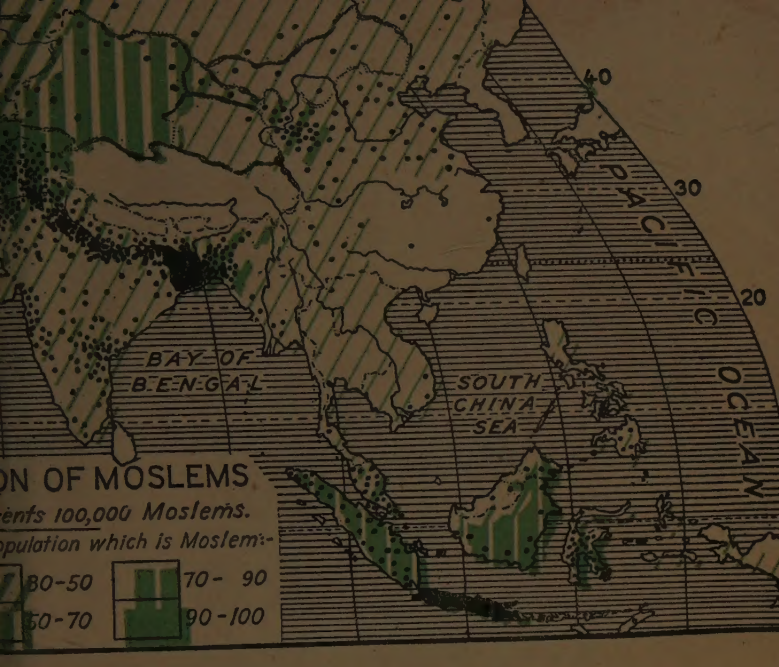
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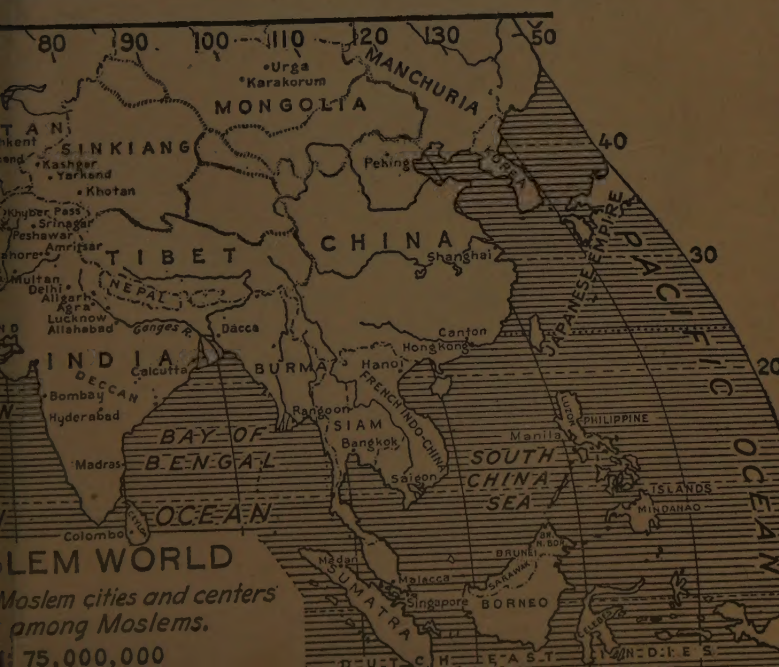
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YOUNG ISLAM ON TREK

A Study in the Clash of Civilizations

By BASIL MATHEWS

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FRIENDSHIP PRESS
150 FIFTH AVENUE
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BASIL MATHEWS has traveled extensively in North Africa and the Near East and has had unusual opportunities for keeping in touch with important movements in politics, commerce, education, social life and religion throughout the Moslem world. He was for many years editorial secretary of the London Missionary Society. After service in the British Ministry of Information during the War he became the Literature Secretary of the Conference of British Missionary Societies and editor of *Outward Bound.*

Mr. Mathews was called from London to Geneva, Switzerland, in 1924 to be the Literature Secretary of the Boys' Work Division of the World's Alliance of Young Men's Christian Associations. He is editor of *The World's Youth,* a magazine published in several languages for leaders of boys, and through this and other channels is helping to bring the Christian forces working in behalf of youth throughout the world into effective cooperation and to stimulate the production of suitable literature for boys in the various countries.

In the spring of 1924 Mr. Mathews was asked to attend the series of conferences on Christian Work among Moslems which were held in several centers in North Africa and the Near East under the leadership of Dr. John R. Mott which brought together experts on Islam from practically every country where it is represented. From his vantage point in Geneva where he has opportunity to keep closely in touch with every great international movement Mr. Mathews has since been following the most recent developments in Moslem countries. Following a previous journey to the Near East at the close of the World War, Mr. Mathews wrote *The Riddle of Nearer Asia.* He is also the author of *The Clash of Color, Livingstone the Pathfinder, Torch-bearers in China* (with A. E. Southon), *The Book of Missionary Heroes, Paul the Dauntless,* and is now publishing serially a boy's life of Jesus which is later to be issued in book form.

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EDITORIAL NOTE

On account of the delay caused by a serious accident which befell him while he was preparing the manuscript for *Young Islam on Trek,* Mr. Mathews has been good enough to permit the editors to make such changes in the text as seemed necessary. He has also waived his privilege of correcting proofs so that it has been possible to issue the book without the further delay that would have been required for exchange of correspondence between New York and Switzerland. The editors deeply regret the fact that the author could not have made the few adjustments in the text which were required for its use by an American public, and that he could not have written the several paragraphs which have been introduced at the last moment in order to bring the book from the press as nearly as possible up to date with the rapid shifting of events in the Moslem world.

PREFACE

This book is written for youth about youth. Through an attic window in his workroom in Geneva the author of this book can hear every day the hubbub of students from many nations belonging to the University and can look out on older boys of the lycée across the road.

To the same room there come also to him, as Literature Secretary in the World's Alliance of Y.M.C.A.'s, the voices of youth of the races and nations of every part of the earth. For two years now the author has shared in a world-wide "inquiry into the mind of youth." Hundreds of thousands of young boys, older boys, and young men have taken part in it. As a result it is clear that no single generalization on youth is possible today. The voice of youth is, as the playwrights say in their stage-directions, "a confused noise without." The clamor is full of contradictions. We hear the voice of idealism and the snarl of selfishness; the clear ring of spiritual vision and the harsh bark of materialist aims; the bugle of chivalry and the blare of "careerism."

These differences between the outlook of youth in varying countries is a thrilling study; but of all the movement of youth in the world, none can surpass the trek of young Islam in importance and entrancing interest.

The Boer word "trek" has been used in the title of this book because those dramatic movements by the Boers in South Africa from one area to another—which have become historic under the name of "trek"—most nearly express at once the sense of drastic change and community movement.

The story of Young Islam and its movements carries

us half way round the world. To handle it fully, Islam today is a subject for a whole library of books; a matter for a life study, for endless travel, for superb language-scholarship, for the eye and the pen of statesman, scholar, seer, prophet, and literary genius in one. Yet it is also emphatically the subject for a little book like this, a book that tries to catch those great salient realities that dominate the moving human scene.

Every scholar who knows this wonderful and alluring Moslem world will miss a multitude of details in the presentation. The author has, nevertheless, wrought with all his power (however feeble that may be) to have the broad outlines true to the realities of this marvelous scene. In this he has been helped by experts too numerous to name individually. But he would especially wish to thank Mr. Murray Titus of India for going carefully over the whole volume and especially the chapter on India, which owes much to his unsurpassed knowledge of that field of Islam.

If it be said—as it well may be—that the book is overfull of color and movement, of giant men and revolutionary influences, the author can only say that all these things are there in actual fact in the Moslem world today. Those facts are more full of color and drama than any pen can convey. No one can put more color into the picture than is to be found in the realities of the vivid scene itself.

BASIL MATHEWS

Geneva, Switzerland
May, 1926

CHAPTER ONE

ISLAM STRIKES ITS TENTS

I

THE sulphurous glow before sunset cuts across the abrupt walls of the dreaded Hoggar Mountains, the burning center of the Sahara Desert. The disheveled heads of a few date-palms by an oasis-well are silhouetted against the Land of Thirst, as the Arabs call that harsh wilderness to the south of the range.

The camels stride past the sun-bleached skeletons of their fellows that strew the trail. They move from the rolling sea of drifted yellow sand into a stony path along a valley. There they diverge into a flat open space littered with the ashes of dead fires. They drop clumsily on to their knees in circles round the heaps of chaff thrown down by their owners. With rough, plaintive guttural murmurs, they submit to have their burdens lifted. The ships of the desert have come to the temporary anchorage of the oasis of Tin Zaouaten.

Two men—a Hausa from Nigeria and a Moor—quarrel and curse over a truss of straw. A camel curls back his angry lips and swings his head with a hammer-blow at a snarling dog.

The tawny horizon cuts the blazing rim of the sun and melts into liquid fire. The hour of prayer has come. Each man, with his back to the sunset, bows his forehead to the dust, toward Mecca.

As darkness falls, the groups of men light fires on the

ground and hang, on tripods over flames, great crocks full of *pilaf*.[1] Squatting in a circle, they feed from a common wooden bowl. Thin curls of smoke rise in the still air. Here one and there another sings one of the long-drawn, monotonous ballads of the nomads; a chant of desert loves and fighting forays, with verses improvised on incidents of the day.

The moon, looming large in the air of the desert, sends a silver powder of light across the indigo sky that is punctuated with stars. The pilgrims, each wrapped in his woolen *burnoose* against the cold wind that whips down at night from the mountains and chills the desert, roll over and sleep alongside their camels. It is the dreamless sleep of men who have walked far in the dry desert air and fed sparsely but adequately; and who accept all that comes to them as the inscrutable will of Allah.

When the pale orange dawn comes up and prayers are made, the murmur of the voices of men mingles with the grumbling of the camels and the baying of an oasis dog. The bundles are re-made and strapped to the backs of the beasts who, struggling to their feet, start out again on the incessant trail that, for them, ends only with life itself.

The caravan heads eastward toward Mecca, which still lies over a thousand miles away.

The oasis regains its sleepy silence. The men go on,—Arab, Moor, Negro,—united in the chance companionship of the caravan journey and of the shared night-fire, of the fellowship of the pilgrimage to Mecca, of the gossip that shortens the hours of the desert trail, of the laughter and stories over tobacco. It is the sudden fraternity of

[1] A favorite dish made of rice and savory condiments, pieces of chicken, and so on.

pilgrimage and of the common protection of weapons in a land of raiding brigands. It is a comradeship that has neither yesterday nor tomorrow, and is an ever-recurring story in nomad life.

The whole scene is in the first half of this twentieth century. But the same description would be just as true of a like scene in the seventh century, when Mohammed in Arabia was rallying his tribes to capture Mecca. And —omitting the tobacco and the prayers to Mecca—the happenings and the scene were the same when the Sphinx was new and the Pyramids—the skyscrapers of imperial Egypt—were innovations. Practically nothing has changed on those desert ways in forty centuries. In four thousand years of historic time no transport save the camel has ever reached Tin Zaouaten, the remotest of all oases, nearly a thousand miles from any coast.

Today a new event in the story of man is to happen. A sight appears across the dunes of sand that makes each cameleer look to his gun. In the distance northward the men can see reeling masses of painted metal lurching over the desert at six times the pace of the camels. As these rumbling monsters come nearer, there can be seen the pith-helmeted heads of men and the hoods of motor-cars that climb steep dunes like some wild primeval dinosaur, to pitch dizzily down the other side.

The four rubber-caterpillar-tread, Citröen-Kegresse light motor cars come to a standstill at the side of the camel caravan. Frenchmen who have driven the Citröens a thousand miles from Algeria southward across the desert leap to the ground. The camelmen gaze in astonishment at the four cars—one with its load of four great vertical

gasoline tanks; one with its vicious machine-gun mounted on the lorry-body; the two others packed with provisions for eating and drinking, and with the endless rubber-tracks and other spare parts.

The desertmen's foreheads wrinkle as they try to understand how the four pulley-wheels and eight bearing-wheels under the rear of each car carry the continuous rubber-track-bands over the roadless desert of loose sand and boulder, and drive these ten-horse-power automobiles at thirty miles an hour. They gaze in bewildered wonder at the Citröens, but are, of course, blind to the brilliance of the concentration of a thousand devices in this one effort to conquer the desert. They know nothing of the myriad minds at work incessantly in America, Europe, and the British Commonwealth to blend steel and rubber, fiber and copper, gasoline and electricity into a perfect mechanism; of the experiments of M. Kegresse on the snows of Russia with his rubber-tracks carried on bearers and pulleys; of the radiator and tank extensions that are to this desert car what the hump is to the camel; of all that concentration of inventive genius which at last creates a magic machine that, on this very journey, has crossed in three weeks two thousand miles of desert, from Tugurt to Timbuktu, never crossed by camel in less than three months.

The camels look down with the disdainful eye and curled lip of an ancient aristocracy viewing a hustling modern. The supercilious transport of the age of Abraham the Patriarch and Mohammed the Prophet looks with sphinxlike gaze on the unblinking, unabashed headlamps of the transport of the age of Henry Ford. The spirit of tradition confronts the spirit of innovation. The

children of nature face the new masters of natural forces. It is the clash of two civilizations.

Then the Citröen-Kegresse automobiles, snorting their impertinent exhausts under the scandalized noses of the camels, move on south and west to Timbuktu to open up a new route for French commerce. The camels move eastward on the long trail to Mecca to carry their masters on the old route of pilgrimage to the center of the world of Islam to fulfil a command made fourteen centuries ago.

Two or three, however, of the young men with the camels stand for a few moments and gaze after the cars that plunge swiftly southward. The automobiles say something new to those young Moslems. They sound a chord never struck before. They sing of command over the mighty forces of nature; they sing of power and speed, of adventure among new scenes, of the opening of fresh horizons, of the thrill of life in great cities.

Young Islam turns its back on the motor cars and its feet once more take the camel-trail to the East; but its heart has gone out on a new trail. Whether the new trail is in the long run better or worse, who can confidently say? But the die is cast. The old way will never again satisfy its ambition.

This oasis scene is one small picture—a vest-pocket Kodak snapshot—of the enthralling drama that is being played out under our eyes today in the wonderlands of the Moslem world. It is a drama in which we are all involved, in whatever land we live. For it is a drama in which every new force of the Western world is interlocked with every old impulse and habit of the East; a drama of the conflict of ancient ways with supermodern innovation; a drama—half tragedy, half comedy. In that

drama young Islam is being called to a new trek by voices never heard before and voices that will not be denied. It is still in its early scenes. The later acts are not only yet unwritten, but our generation itself cannot escape from writing them.

2

That camel caravan to Mecca is a symbol of the unchanging—some have said the "unchangeable"—civilization of the homelands of Islam. That enduring beast, the camel, trailing from the Pacific to the Atlantic over two continents, across all Asia and North Africa from Peking to Morocco, has seen at least forty centuries of civilization. In all that time the real life of the ordinary people of those areas has little changed.

The camel carried the troops of the Pharaohs of the Nile and of the Kings of the Euphrates, in war against each other, across the Judæan hill-lands of Isaiah and Jeremiah. He watched the empires of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria rise and fall. He watched the conquering majesty of Cyrus of Persia and Alexander the Great flourish and perish; he saw "the beauty that was Greece" bloom and fade; he "Heard the legions thunder past" in the days of Rome; he helped the empire of the Moslem Caliphs to win its conquests in three continents; then he witnessed that empire, in turn, crumble into dust.

Nothing, however, that happened in all those upheavals has changed the essential life of these areas. Even the religion of the people of these desert lands, Islam, was built to suit the unmoving civilization, and has made life still more rigid in a fixed mold of definite commands

coming from the lips of Mohammed in the seventh century. This life and this religion have not—until today—been attacked by any force that could penetrate their four-square rigid self-adequacy. Today, however, the old ways are being attacked all along the line, and youth is being called to new paths. The Citröen expedition across the Sahara is one symbol of that array of a myriad of new forces calling to young Islam and disintegrating the old interpretation of their faith. Let us look at two or three of a hundred possible illustrations.

The writer, in 1914, was traveling in the heart of the great plateau of Asia Minor by Turkish wagon between Konia (Iconium) and Lystra and Derbe. In his hand was a handbook of ancient civilization. It was open at a page on which was a reproduction from a carving three thousand years old. The illustration showed a man plowing with oxen and another man behind sowing by hand.

Looking up from the book to the country over which he was traveling, the writer saw, within a hundred yards' distance, a man dressed like the man in the carving, guiding a primitive plow precisely similar in build to the one in the carving, spurring on his oxen with a goad, and behind him a man with a bag slung over his shoulder, sowing by hand. There were three thousand years between the two scenes. But the carving made ten centuries before Christ might have been drawn from the scene witnessed in the twentieth century after Christ.

When, however, the writer, leaving Lystra, reached a station on the Baghdad railway, he found in the waiting-room an advertisement of a motor tractor plow. Twelve years later, in 1925-26, hundreds of Fordson tractors were

imported into Turkey, each of which is capable of opening up in a day more land than that little old-time plow could scratch in a week. Similarly, when our camel looks down on the Citröen or the Buick, or turns its eyes up to the drone of an aeroplane, it sees the beginning of the greatest revolution in those lands since history began. It sees in the aeroplane and the motor car something that is a symbol of an age that at last is really breaking through the habits of at least four thousand years.

When we look from this picture to the Faith of these people we are met by a momentous and fascinating problem. It is this: Will the forces that are turning young Islam from these ancient habits either lead the young life of those lands to discard the Faith of Mohammed or to change its content while keeping its name?

Here we have an already ancient Faith. It is proclaimed today to two hundred and forty millions of people from tens of thousands of minarets every morning when the muezzin's voice sounds at dawn across the roof-tops of cities and villages:

There is no God but Allah;
And Mohammed is his prophet!

That Faith is a religion of obedience to tradition. It seems to be bound up with the age-long civilization of the Moslem lands. Yet that civilization is being remorselessly broken up by two stupendous tides of irresistible energy which are changing life for the younger generation. The first tide is the overwhelming flow of the technical miracles of modern science: the ocean liner and the railway, the internal combustion engine (parent, in turn, of the automobile, the motor-lorry, the aeroplane,

Courtesy American Office of the Near East Colleges

THE PRIMITIVE PLOW, IN USE THROUGHOUT THE NEAR EAST FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS, IS NOW BEING SUPPLANTED BY TRACTORS DRIVEN BY SUCH BOYS AS THESE (BELOW) FROM THE INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE AT SMYRNA.

Courtesy General Motors Export Company

A MODERN SCENE ON THE ANCIENT ROAD THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS AT THE FRONTIER BETWEEN INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN. BELOW, CARS CARRYING THE MAIL ACROSS THE DESERT FROM BEIRÛT TO BAGHDAD, MAKING A HALT AT A POST ON THE EUPHRATES.

the motor-trawler, and the tractor), the cable, the telephone, and wireless. The second tide is the consequent overwhelming aggressive outward pressure of Western civilization on these peoples of tradition.

The first enigma is this: If the civilization of Moslem lands breaks up, what will happen to the Faith of Islam?

We turn to examine first the processes by which the civilization of the peoples of the Islamic world is being changed. We can, afterward, ask ourselves, though no one can yet answer, the enigma of the future effect upon the religion of Islam itself.

Standing at the door of the offices of the Nairne Transport Company in Beirût, the port of Syria, we see a powerful car come swerving down from its swift, long dash across the desert from Baghdad. From among the passengers, a young Arab sheikh from Iraq steps out. He has in some thirty hours covered the desert journey that, from the time when Abraham crossed with his camels until now, has taken weeks of travel.

The writer, in 1914, took a long day of arduous travel by Turkish spring wagon with three horses from Jerusalem to Nablus, a second day over difficult tracks to Cæsarea Palestrina, a third up the coast sands to Haifa, a fourth from Haifa to Nazareth, and another similar day on to the Lake of Galilee over the unmade track-roads. Ten years later, in 1924, he saw American tourists land at Haifa from a "Round-the-world-with-the-sun" liner, get into a flotilla of Buick and Dodge seven-seater cars and dash off to Nazareth, a ride of an hour and a quarter. Thence they went on to Galilee, over the British-made roads, in about another hour and a half, rushed

back over the Plain of Esdraelon and through Samaria, to take dinner in Jerusalem; and next morning they caught the train to Egypt to meet the liner at Port Said—having "done" Palestine in one day. In 1914 this trip would have taken at the swiftest five long days of difficult travel.

The Virgin's Well at Nazareth in 1914 was a quiet spot where maidens, Moslem and Christian, came with jars on their heads,—just as Mary came over nineteen hundred years ago,—jars made by a potter who told me with absolute conviction that he can trace his ancestors back as potters to the time of Noah. In 1924 the writer found in front of the Virgin's fountain a notice of warning in English, Hebrew, and Arabic:

SPEED LIMIT THROUGH
NAZARETH 10 MILES
PER HOUR

and half the Nazareth maidens were carrying hideous gasoline tins on their heads in place of the jars of a forty-century-old pattern.

It would be conceivable that this swift passage of tourists in clouds of dust might leave the real life of the Moslem unchanged. In the trail of Buicks, however, came young Arab sheikhs, clad in the garments of Abraham but sitting in the bodies of long-suffering Fords—Fords that not only take the made roads, but toil along camel tracks, brave the boulder-strewn beds of streams, and penetrate the remoter villages. These Fords carry youthful vine-dressers of Nazareth or the plowboys of Cana in Galilee or shepherd lads from Mount Carmel into the modern port city of Haifa. There they watch in the

"movies" Pola Negri, for example, as "Bella Donna," playing a part in which a white woman betrays her husband to satisfy the passion of a princely Egyptian Moslem, who then casts her aside in scorn.

To the Western mind the film is a picture-play remote from reality. To the Moslem world with its fractional proportion of literacy, the whole thing is intensely real. There are cities today in the Moslem areas of the Near East, Palestine and North Africa, and of North India, where the proportion of moving picture theaters is as great as in many American or British cities.

The "movies" have already had an influence, the depth and range of which have not yet been assessed. In the first place, they show a life that in almost every act cuts sharply across the habits of the Moslem and in many respects contradicts the commands of Mohammed. The free mingling of the sexes; the speed and utter secularity of the world of hotels, automobiles, trains, and street-cars; the entirely different plan of home life, of commercial action, of school and college life; the very fact of a window opened into new continents on strange ways of living; all these things persistently, irresistibly wear away the old settled ways of Islamic life. Young Islam begins to see its own life with new eyes from a fresh point of view.

The Moslem attitude to the West is also being changed. For instance, it is a conservative estimate to say that in the minds of millions of young Moslems—especially in India—the hitherto accepted idea of the white women of Christian lands has been smashed by the passion films of the "Bella Donna" type described above. The purity even of innocent lovemaking pictures is almost incon-

ceivable in the Moslem order of society, which allows no free mingling of the sexes outside the family. Under Islam—as it has so far been understood and practised—an ordinary tennis party is impossible; coeducation is incredible; and a dance—especially of the present-day type—is revolting.

In this way the whole conception of a restrained, relatively Christian, Western civilization has received a rude shock through the passion-film, reinforced by the crime and detective and the "Wild West" cowboy pictures. (A young Moslem, leaving recently for the United States, bought a revolver before starting, as a defense against cowboys and Red Indians of America; and he would hardly believe the Y.M.C.A. secretary who declared this to be unnecessary in New York or even in Denver!)

From another actual picture, however, it can be seen that the motion picture might have a great educational influence in the Moslem world. In Beirût, on one occasion when the writer was there, the film "Quo Vadis," with its pictures of the Christian women martyrs being driven to the lions in Rome, was being shown. It was the second visit of that film. The Moslem authorities refused to allow any woman to see it. (The women visit the "movies" in "Harem" galleries screened from the rest of the theater.) The reason for the ban was that the film on its first visit had so moved the sympathy of the young Moslem women toward the Christian martyrs that in their homes afterward they had discussed vigorously whether it was right of Islam to be hostile to the infidel. A faint vision of the sisterhood of women across the barriers between Moslem and Christian had begun to dawn on their minds. They were the minds of women,

young and old, of whom not one in twenty could read, and who could, therefore, receive that vision only through the one language that every human being can read—the language of the picture-story.

It is another interesting fact in this same educational connection that from the Moslem Near East there have been sent to America orders for the plans of California bungalows, American office furniture, shoes and clothing "like those we see in the movies."

The Western world, however, which invented the silver screen has never cared—except in one instance—to think and plan for the untold possibilities of educational influence in the film on the life of the East. That one exception was its use between 1914 and 1918 for war-aims propaganda. The motion picture and special picture papers were used in many lands for this purpose.

In the heart of that very propaganda on the side of the Western allies, that is, in all the Moslem world except Turkey, we discover the next great emotion that has spread so vehemently that today it sets the nerves of all young Islam tingling—the fiery passion for nationalism.

3

The passion for nationalism came about in the following manner. The central idea of the war-aims, crystallized by President Wilson in words that rang as from a muezzin calling from some towering minaret across the roof-tops of the world, was "self-determination." [2]

That revolutionary seed-phrase found unexpectedly joyous reception in the ears of young Islam. The old

[2] See also *The Clash of Color*, pp. 21-22, 35, 69 ff., 92 ff.

soil had already been plowed up, for the World War in itself shattered the crust of the Islamic world.

The first shock was the utter failure of the call of the Caliph to the *jihad*—the Holy War of all Moslems—against the Allies. The *jihad* call fell on deaf ears, though proclaimed by the Caliph—the successor of Mohammed. But "self-determination" fell on the quick receptive ears of men newly awake. Millions of Moslems were, indeed, called by this muezzin cry into the service of the War. They came in on either side and fought against one another.

From India they came and fought on every front—from France across the Balkans to Palestine, Iraq, and East Africa. From Madagascar in the Indian Ocean to Morocco on the Atlantic, Moslems of every French colony went to Western Europe. It was the first time Moslem forces had been in action in France since Charles Martel defeated them at Tours twelve hundred years ago. At that time they were fighting against the Christian infidel. Now, however, they came to France to help Christians fight against Christians. In the War they saw Western Christian civilization, on the one hand, plumb depths of scientific, civilized savagery and bestiality such as it had never before displayed. They saw the technical miracles of modern science strained to the highest tension of efficiency, and mass-organization carried to unheard-of degrees in the transport and control of millions of men and mountains of ammunition.

The War divided the Moslem world. Moslem fought Moslem; Indian and Senegalese, Arab, Algerian, and Egyptian fought against Turk and Kurd. And to fight the Turk, meant fighting against the Caliph. So the unity

of Islam was rent. Simultaneously the contrast—and in some senses the antagonism—was revealed between the changing world of Western Christendom and the static world of Eastern Islam.

At the end of the War the surviving millions of Moslem soldiers went back home. In every city from Fez in Morocco to Agra in India, and from Angora in Turkey to Zanzibar in Africa, the moral authority of Christendom was debased. Yet, at the same time, the political control of Christendom was widened by the wresting from Turkey of Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Arabia. Asia Minor, with a population barely equal to that of New York State, alone remained of the empire of the Caliphs.

In every student group and mosque courtyard from Constantinople to Delhi and from Cairo to Tehran the principle of "self-determination" was debated. Its application to the Arab and to the Egyptian, to the Persian and to the Indian was discussed. So nationalism sprang into its violent life everywhere in the world of Islam.

When you buy a newspaper today in any one of the great centers of the Moslem world, you will find its headlines vibrant with news of nationalistic strife and of the coruscation of new stars whom the movement has created —Mustapha Kemal in Turkey, Abd ul-Krim in Morocco, Ibn Saud in Arabia, Zaghloul Pasha in Egypt, and Riza Shah Pehlevi, the new self-made ruler of Persia. In these papers, too, news comes of other great Asiatic leaders of new nationalisms; of Mahatma Gandhi in India and of Marshal Feng in China.

Further headings in that newspaper reveal the other great movements sweeping through the living centers of

the world of Islam and altering the life of youth with a swiftness that leaves the older generation gasping.

Here, for instance, is a short feuilleton in a Constantinople paper telling the story of a youth refusing the rich, unloved bride chosen by his father and insisting in the face of parental fury on marrying the poorer girl of his own choice. In Moslem lands this is itself a revolutionary act that shakes the domestic foundations of the old Islamic world.[3]

On the problem of the life of women and girls in the modern world of Islam a war of ideals is raging. The air is full of the clamor of the watchwords of liberation: "Off with the veil!" "Away with the harem compartment in tram and train!" "Equal education for boys and girls!" These are some of the new cries that are calling young Islamic womanhood in a hundred centers to follow the lead of the womanhood of the Western world.

Madame Ferid Bey, the wife of the new Turkish Ambassador in London, is an example at once of the change that has taken place and the spirit of the present day. The present Turkish Ambassador's two predecessors in London had Christian wives. No ambassador with a Moslem wife has hitherto been able to take his wife with him into a foreign land, for she could not live in Moslem seclusion and at the same time perform the functions of an ambassador's wife as hostess. Nor, before the War, could Madame Ferid Bey in Constantinople go with her husband to visit the ambassadors of other lands and their wives. Today Madame Ferid Bey is acting as hostess in London at the Turkish Embassy, and she has been elected an honorary member of the Lyceum Club, one of

[3] See Chapter Five.

the most intellectual women's clubs in the world. Madame Ferid Bey is the daughter of Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizir of pre-war Turkey. She was educated at Versailles, has published five novels, and is passionately nationalistic. She has adopted as her slogan, "Turkey for the Turks!"

Another and more mature type of liberal feminine attitude is Halidé Hanum, the best-known and ablest Turkish woman writer and publicist today. Halidé Hanum was educated at the American Woman's College, Constantinople, the president of which was that great pioneer in women's education, Dr. Mary Mills Patrick. On the retirement of Dr. Patrick in 1924, Halidé Hanum, who is a fervent nationalist, went in person to thank her for her great contribution to the life of Turkish womanhood.

These are leaders in a trek of girlhood out of the restriction and seclusion of the past into a new and larger life of liberty. But what is liberty? And what is license? Are we to accept, ask the more conservative yet reasonable Moslems, the immodest dress, the jazz dancing, the passion novel, the picture story from the West as our ideals for girlhood and womanhood? Does even the youth of the Western world of America or Europe itself see clearly the line between liberty and license?

The feminist movement, therefore, in the young Islamic world is full at one and the same time of ominous menace and immense and fascinating promise. It will change everything. For to alter the life of woman under Islam is, ultimately, to transform Moslem civilization in every atom of its body. Indeed, it is a question whether it can still be Islam. It certainly cannot be Islam in the sense

of submission to Allah and his law as revealed in the Koran.

In our newspapers we can again watch how Bolshevism is calling all the time to some of the freshest and most adventurous elements as well as to some of the most primitive and savage in the Moslem world. After a feverish influence through Turkestan to Persia and across Afghanistan into India, Bolshevism has ebbed in those areas; leaving, however, nuclei of influence, especially among the oppressed workers under new industrial developments. The greatest power of Bolshevism in the Islamic world today is in the Dutch East Indies, where the tribal groups have been swept by the movement. The movement here is crude in type and acts on an emotional people with disturbing effect. But even where Bolshevism comes and passes away again, its effects remain, for the old simple Islamic loyalty is shaken by having looked for authority from Mohammed to Marx, and by having had one's spiritual home changed from Mecca to Moscow.

Everywhere, again, we discover, as has already been seen, the fascination of the new knowledge of Western science, especially as applied to the new inventions. Thus this newspaper in our hands is a living picture of the movements that call young Islam. It is, however, also a symbol of the power of the press among the growing millions of literate Moslems. The newspaper is going far to transform their ideas. Taking the journalism alone of the Islamic world, it is providing for the first time in the fourteen centuries of the story of Mohammedanism two things: first, a medium through which all parts of the Moslem world can know about each other; second, a mirror of the life of the Western world.

4

If we could now take a swift aeroplane flight over the whole Moslem world to discover whether we had envisaged the most powerful influences working for change, we should find one other force. We should see young Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Sudanese, Persians, Syrians, Armenians, and others at sports in the playgrounds, walking on the campus, and working in the classrooms and laboratories of certain schools and colleges. Looking across all these lands, we should find that the colleges have been built at a number of strategic centers in the Moslem world—such as, for example, Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirût, Jerusalem, Cairo, Assiut, Tehran, Lucknow, Agra, and so on. They are schools and colleges—indeed, in some cases fully fledged universities—built not by government or by commerce, but by the wise enthusiasm of Christian men and women in America and Britain and Europe.

Young Islam—its girlhood as well as its manhood—is taught in these schools and colleges the newest discoveries of Western science in medicine, in dentistry, in engineering, along with the deepest philosophies of the world, and is shown how man was made by his Creator, not for antagonism, but for cooperation. These young people are taught this, not only in the classroom, but through the spirit shown by the professors and tutors in the daily life of the place, and in the team-play of football, basketball, tennis, cricket, and the other sports of the West that are now, for the first time, being caught up with such enthusiasm by youth in the Moslem world.

The aim of these colleges is to give that world what it

supremely needs—young, courageous, well-equipped leadership with a Christian outlook on life. They aim at making these leaders, not Western in mind, but good citizens of their own land.

We shall discover the influence of these schools and colleges all through this study of the clash of two civilizations. Almost alone among all the ferments and forces at work today in the Moslem world, they make, not for a clash of civilizations, but for a blending; not for explosion and catastrophe, but for seed-sowing and growth and harvest. What will be the final outcome of their work, we cannot yet see with certainty. It seems clear, however, that apart from some irremediable catastrophe of race-war produced by the madness of men, the effect will be as it came to the writer in a sudden picture on the top of a tower of the International College on the hill called Paradise, above Smyrna.

There is on that tower an astronomical observatory. So accurate and efficient is its work that when the students there have taken observations of the sun, they can give the precise time to the great city down below by the harbor. When the writer was there, Smyrna and all that area took its time by electric signal from the watch-tower of the International College. Busy merchants and government officials, boys going to school, ships going to sea, and the trains of the Smyrna-Aidin line could adjust their daily lives to the true time.

Those colleges in the Moslem world, set on their hills of contemplation, looking to the Light of the World, can give to the busy life of the cities and villages authoritative guidance for every-day life. That guidance—because it is based on observation of the great realities—can ad-

just and direct the daily life of merchants and officials and growing youth and active manhood in the shop and the office, the study and the street, the home and the school.

Calls are coming to the youth of the Moslem world through all these varied modern channels. The Mohammedan traditional life is losing its hold on millions. Many millions more, of course, of peasants and people in remote places are still unmoved. Many leaders among the old guard are beckoning Islam back to the old ways. The clamor of new voices calling in different directions is bewildering. There is no commanding word that can either hold them back or lead them out on a definite trek to one goal.

Wise and learned men have indeed said again and again that the East would never change and that Islam would never move. They can never repeat that again. For the change has begun; she *does* move.

One by one and group by group, Young Islam is beginning to strike its tents and to move out on a new trek. But whither? Across what desert? Along what trail? Under what leadership? To what goal?

CHAPTER TWO

CARAVANS TO MECCA

I

THE camel caravan heading eastward from the Saharan oasis of Tin Zaouaten moves on tirelessly day after day. The dunes of sand stretch out to horizons that always recede. The unchanging sky blazes with sunlight.

To the city dweller the monotony of the unchanging route may be intolerable, but the Moslem cameleer loves the desert, its laws of hospitality, and its lore of grazing grounds and oasis rights; its rigor, its distances, its clan loyalties, the technique of its camel-life, the instinctive science of desert wells and of date-palms, and the sudden fierce fight. He feels the brooding rule of Allah over the vast unbroken stretches of desert and sky, unsoiled by the hand or unsmirched by the smoke of man.

At length, after weeks on the march, his eyes catch the gleam of the long, lovely Nile Valley, a shimmering striped ribbon with its blue water and its green bordering fields threading between the yellow ranges of desert. The camels and men cross and press on eastward to the shore of the Red Sea. Then, leaving the camels in proper care, they board a dhow crowded with other pilgrims for Mecca. They have come from all parts of Egypt, the delta villages and Cairo, as well as up from the South, the Sudan and Abyssinia; they have crossed the Sahara from Nigeria and the Gold Coast and from the vast ranges of Negro

Islam that run for two thousand miles westward to the Atlantic Ocean.

On the way across the Red Sea they come within the prescribed distance from Mecca where ordinary clothes must be put off and two cloths are worn—one around the waist and the other over the shoulders. No head covering is allowed, save for the aged and the invalid. No belt is permitted—but many wear it, with pistols and daggers. The few women who take the pilgrimage wear a long linen robe covering head and body completely, with a straw mask having eye-holes.

This garb is called the *ihram*. It must be worn until the pilgrim—who, while he wears it, is called a *Muhrim*—has performed the ceremonies at Mecca. The *ihram* symbolizes three things: by its whiteness, purity; by its simplicity, humility; by its uniformity, the equality of believers irrespective of rank or wealth.

The dhow under its rakish lateen sails creeps across the Red Sea and enters the forest of swaying masts in the port of Jiddah on the coast of Arabia. There the pilgrims from Africa get a new and wonderful picture of the world of Islam to which they belong. They see men from all the continents. Here are Indians, Negroes, and Malagasy who have come by steamer up the coast of Africa, from Madagascar, Zanzibar, Natal, and Cape Town. A third group has come by pilgrim steamer along the Mediterranean from the long range of Moslem lands north of the Sahara, from Tripolitania and Tunisia, from Algeria and Morocco.

A great ocean-going steamer of the British India line noses her way up from the south into the roadstead. Her decks swarm with brown faces. She has brought hun-

dreds of Indian pilgrims from Bombay, whither they have walked over rough country paths and great roads and have been carried by the railways from the Punjab, from Kashmir, from the vast river-plains of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra right away to the cities and villages of Bengal. Still another steamer sails up from the Indian Ocean. She has come from still more distant lands, for on board are Moros from under the Stars and Stripes in the Philippines, with Chinese, Malaysians, Javanese, and Singhalese who have sailed from Shanghai and Sumatra, Singapore and Colombo.

So they land on the coast of Arabia within forty miles of Mecca. Before dawn the pilgrims are ready to start. Loud is the throaty grumbling of the camels as the thousands of Abdullahs, Ahmeds, and others climb on to their backs, and the beasts stride along the streets out of the town. Lurching forward, with the dawn in their faces, they walk toward Mecca. A low range of stony hills lies seven miles distant. All along the way are small forts—almost within rifle-shot of one another—to protect the pilgrims from raiders. So tremendous is the multitude [1] that the string of camels often seems continuous all the way from Jiddah to Mecca. Walking single file under the direct violence of the sun's rays on the unprotected heads, the pilgrims move along the path winding among the hills. They come out at last on the plain where lies the village of Bahreia, with its fort and its plantations of date-palms. The afternoon sun is now lengthening the wavering shadows of the camels on the sand. The

[1] Before the War half a million people would travel this route in the month of pilgrimage. For some years between 1914 and 1924 the numbers were greatly reduced, first by the War, then by the conflicts of the Arabs.

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THE VIRGIN'S WELL AT NAZARETH, WHERE MAIDENS, MOSLEM AND CHRISTIAN, COME FOR WATER AS IN BIBLE TIMES, WITH JARS ON THEIR HEADS.

© *Ewing Galloway*

HEAVILY LADEN CAMELS STILL TRUDGE THROUGH THE STREETS OF DAMASCUS, YET

pilgrims halt to feed and rest. Night falls; the moon rises. By eleven o'clock they are on the trail again. They march through the night.

Before dawn the pilgrims pass two white stone pillars that mark the entrance to the holy ground of Mecca. No one talks now, for the awe of Mecca is upon all. Prayers alone break the silence. The camels pad forward over the sand, without sound. In a few hours the pilgrims' feet will walk within the city toward which they have bowed their heads five times a day since boyhood. The awe-inspiring sanctity that hung over the Tabernacle for the Hebrews, or over Jerusalem for the Crusader, as with the very presence of the Most High, breathes from Mecca for the devout Moslem pilgrim. Moving forward, they repeat a special prayer in a wailing chorus.

As dawn comes up, it silhouettes the high conical peak of Gebel-en-Noor (the Mountain of Light). This hill is one of those that look down on the city of Mecca. But the city is still hidden. Turning sharply to the left, the pilgrims see a basin among the high stony hills. There —hidden till they are right upon its very gates—lies Mecca.

They press through the gates into the crowded streets and wrangle with a landlord over the price of a room in which to stay throughout the time at Mecca. This done, the pilgrims can go and perform the *towaf* ceremony. They hasten to this, for when it is over, they are free to get into their ordinary clothes.

They walk to the center of the city. There, in awed silence, they enter the Haram, the sacred enclosure that holds the center of their world, the Kaaba. The sight overwhelms even the most careless.

In breathless silence thousands of Moslems are kneeling in the prayer of Sageda, their foreheads touching the dust. Their heads are toward the Kaaba, the granite cube building forty feet square, with its sacred black stone set in the wall. All around them are the cloisters where the blue shadows are cool against the sharply cut sunlight on the tawny gravel intersected by marble paths. Then comes the rushing sound of that vast multitude rising to its feet. The square is three hundred yards wide and will hold easily over ten thousand pilgrims. The murmur of voices, the tornado of movement, make a roar like breakers on a shingle shore. Thousands of men go surging round and round the square in one direction, an indescribable human whirlpool. They circle round the Kaaba. Each man as he runs repeats a long prayer, and the voices go up in a hoarse roar.

Seven times each man goes round the square to perform the *towaf*. Then he moves toward the Kaaba in the center. He walks up to a hole in the immense black silk and cotton cloth that drapes the building. Stooping, he kisses the tiny part of the sacred black stone that can be seen through the silver casing some four feet above the ground, the holy meteorite that fell from heaven.

Going out from the Haram, the pilgrim now runs with bare feet from the hill Safa to the hill Marawa, three hundred yards apart, and back again, repeating a long prayer all the time. After this, a small round patch of hair is shaved off his head and he is a holy man, one of the great brotherhood of pilgrims to Mecca.

He may then come back to the Haram to rest for a little under the shadow of the colonnade sixty feet deep, with its rough-hewn granite floor. Under its roof of

small domes supported on stone pillars, he can look out at the multitudes of men who are performing the prescribed *towaf*.

These men who are running around the Kaaba, naked save for the loin cloth, repeating the ritual prayer, are from many lands. Brown-faced, black-haired Moros from the Philippine Islands mingle with a group of Arabs, lean, swarthy, black-haired, keen-eyed, their muscles of whipcord rippling under the glossiest of all human skins. A tall, pale-faced, handsome Circassian from the Caucasus, like a Greek god moves swiftly round the Kaaba. Dark Egyptians, and behind them the hook-nosed, fierce-eyed visage of a mountain Afghan, are flanked oddly by the smooth corpulence of a wealthy Syrian merchant from Beirût and the broad heavy strength of a Negro from the West Indies.

A Turkish high official from Konia in the heart of Asia Minor finds near him a hawk-eyed, cruel-jawed Kurd from the mountains above Mesopotamia; while in front of them are a mild-faced scholar from his study in the rose-gardens of Tehran on the high plateau of Persia and a Baghdad merchant who has made a fortune out of gasoline in Mesopotamia. The skin of a Chinese Moslem glints strangely in the sunshine beside the jet-black and chocolate brown of a group of Negroes from Abyssinia, the Sudan, and Nigeria; and behind them run two Javanese from the Dutch East Indies and a "flying column" of Indians from Delhi. Lithe, dark youths from Algiers in a group together with fellows who have come with them from Tunisia on the one side and Morocco on the other, give a picture of North Africa in sharp contrast with the bearded, light-skinned South Russian Moslem.

Rich and poor, rulers and subjects, educated and ignorant, men speaking scores of languages and of fifty nationalities, stripped of every trapping of wealth or knowledge or power, run bareheaded under the blazing sun and barefoot on the grinding gravel in a brotherhood of common devotion round that central pivot of Moslem loyalty —the Kaaba and the Black Stone.

Why? What is this Faith that holds their passionate loyalty? What is the bond of this brotherhood? What tether unites men of all these races and classes into a freemasonry so submissive to the authority within, so arrogant to all authority without?

2

If we can in imagination sit cross-legged with a student-pilgrim of Islam in the now purple afternoon shadows of that Haram colonnade at Mecca, looking at the Kaaba and its Black Stone and the human whirlpool of pilgrim-devotees, we can in the story of that very spot get the clue. It all begins in Mecca—and it starts, as every great thing done on earth does, in a Man and a Message.

A baby boy, Mohammed, son of Abdullah, born in this city of Mecca in A.D. 570, was sent by his mother to the desert to grow strong in the open air. He tumbled about in the desert sand, drank camel milk, wore a cloak and girdle of camel hair, slept under a camel cloth tent, read camel tracks in the sand, his only alphabet, heard the tales of raiding and brigandage, of merchants and of the fights of Arab tribes told round the caravan fires at night, his only history and adventure books.

Fatherless from birth was this Arab boy. His mother died when he was seven; his grandfather, when he was nine. His uncle, Abu Talib, adopted him. At the age of twelve years his uncle took him a thousand miles on camel-back to Syria, with merchandise. They reached Bosra in Syria, where Mohammed saw Christian churches; but he heard no Christian teaching. The history of the world might have been different if anyone in Bosra had taught this adolescent Arab the truth about Christianity.

Grown to a broad-shouldered, but slightly stooping, young man, black-haired, with black bushy beard, black piercing eyes veiled by dark lashes, a finely chiseled, high-arched nose, and a quick decisive step, Mohammed married a wealthy woman, Khadijah, much older than himself, who was as wise as she was gentle. She belonged to a sect of Arabs who had learned from the Jews the idea of one God. To this thought the young man soon became an enthusiastic disciple. The two had daughters but no son who survived infancy, so they adopted as a son a boy, Zeid, from a Christian tribe of Arabs. While it is clear that in these years Mohammed had some contacts with Christians in Arabia, teaching of the church there had become so debased and its life so stagnant that his ideas concerning Christianity were garbled and confused and in essence wrong.

From boyhood Mohammed had known the Kaaba in Mecca as a place of pilgrimage because of the Black Stone. There the people worshiped the idol Hobal and a whole battalion of other images and fetishes. Mohammed brooded gloomily over this fetish worship as well as over the social evils prevalent at that time, and he pondered

over the tribal blood feuds and wars and the consequent national weakness of his own people, the Arabs.

For a month at a time he retired to a cave on the slopes of Mount Hira, two miles from Mecca. At last a message burned clear in his mind. "There is but one God!" It sang itself in his head into an alliterative war-cry. "La ilaha illa Allah!"—Allah being, until now, the tribal god of the people of Mecca. "There is no God but Allah!"

As he slept in the cave one night, under his cloak, a bright light came to him as a vision and a Voice cried, "O thou that art covered, arise and preach!" This meant, Mohammed was sure, that God wanted him to be the missionary of the Divine Unity. So he completed his simple creed with the words, "And Mohammed is the apostle of Allah."

What, then, were men to do in relation to Allah? The answer was simple and absolute. Obey; submit to His will. So the word "Islam" was used—the infinitive of a verb meaning "to commit utterly" to someone; in this case, to commit, or submit, oneself entirely to God and to God alone, to the exclusion of all else. This word "Islam"—"to submit"—became to Mohammed the watch-word of the new Faith; just as, for instance, "Repent!" had been the word to that other desert prophet six centuries earlier, when the stormy voice of John the Baptist rang across the waters of the Jordan, a thousand miles to the north of Mecca. The participle of that same verb "Islam" is "Muslim" or, as we say, "Moslem," meaning "one who submits," or "submitting." So to be a Moslem —or a Mohammedan—was and is to believe that God is one and that this Central Arabian Mohammed of Mecca

is the voice through which the will of God has finally been revealed to the human race.

Mohammed, from the early days, held that all who embraced Islam were equal members of a Brotherhood, irrespective of any privilege of family, race, or wealth, and that that Brotherhood was a warrior state which absorbed and dissolved within itself all whom it conquered. It was a nation destined by the will of Allah to be the dominant and inclusive nation.

So, holding this naked sword of a shining, simple, keen-edged creed, Mohammed preached the message in Mecca. He struck a shrewd, swift blow at the very life of the Kaaba-worship of the godlets with his creed of one invisible God.

Much money came to Mecca through the great annual festival pilgrimage. So the Koreish tribe, whose people were guardians of the Kaaba, were as furious against him in his early attack on their godlets as the silversmiths of Ephesus had been against Saint Paul—and for the same natural, sordid reason. By a strange blend of illogical inconsistency and practical shrewdness, he later made the Kaaba, and the Black Stone in particular, the center of Moslem worship.

Mohammed dictated the thoughts that came to him—often in states of ecstatic vision. They were moral reflections, historical summaries of Biblical prophets and leaders, thoughts about God, commands and regulations to his followers, a marvelous blending of spiritual vision and cunning, lofty and low morals, practical, long-sighted wisdom and mercy and intolerance. These reflections were regarded as the direct word of God, uncolored by the human medium. They were finally gathered together

as the literal rule of life for all time for all Islam, and the collected whole was called the "Book"; i.e., the Koran. The absolute inerrancy of this book has been of the very essence of Islam ever since.

Persecution began; Mohammed's wife died; the shadows deepened; but his message began to spread. Seventy men from Yathreb came two hundred and fifty miles to call the new prophet to leave hostile Mecca and come to their city. Mohammed, with two hundred followers, shook the dust of Mecca from his feet.

He escaped barely in time to avoid assassination. Flying through the night on foot and then by forced marches on a racing camel,—called Al Caswa,—he reached Yathreb, which became immortal under its new name "el Medina," the City of the Prophet. This "Flight," called the *Hijrah*, took place on June 20, 622, A.D., and the chronology of Islam dates from it. "A.H." means the year of the Hijrah.

In Medina men gathered around the Prophet till he was in command of a vigorous, united, passionate, fighting force. He harried the wealthy caravans of Mecca. By his flaming spirit he drove men on to fight and inspired victory, though he never hazarded his own life in conflict.

In the eighth year after the Flight Mohammed sent out a proclamation commanding the submission of mankind to Islam. This began the spread of Islam by the sword, which became the main method of propagation. Other methods, like the purchase or forcible seizure of Christian children, sometimes in vast numbers, and the missionary influence of traveling traders helped.

The success of the forays on other tribes and on caravans was great. Men rallied to the victorious flag

of Mohammed. He did not fight in person. He gave, however, the essentials of military success—discipline, enthusiasm, and military skill.

(The system is, indeed, in essence military. The creed is a war-cry. The reward of a Paradise of maidens for those who die in battle, and loot for those who live, and the joy of battle and domination thrills the tribal Arab. The discipline of prayer five times daily is a drill. The muezzin cry from the minaret is a bugle-call. The equality of the Brotherhood gives the equality and *esprit de corps* of the rank and file of the army. The Koran is the Army Orders. It is all clear, decisive, ordained—men are fused and welded by the fire and discipline into a single sword of conquest.)

With success came moral decadence. Mohammed married numerous wives, massacred old men and children, slew a man and in a few days added the dead man's wife to his harem. Worse still, he pretended to have inspired utterances from God to justify his ill deeds. Morally he was, after Khadijah's death, what most seventh century Arabs would have been in his place and power.

At length Mohammed conquered Mecca, with ten thousand men, and rode in on his camel to the Kaaba, hurled the godlets to the ground, and then—to the people's amazement and by a stroke of genius—did not destroy the Kaaba, but made it the center of his own religion. He sent the gigantic African Bilal on to the roof to ring out across Mecca for the first time the cry that now resounds from ten thousand minarets across the roof-tops of the world to two hundred and forty million followers:

"Allah is most great! I witness that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the apostle of Allah. Come

to prayer! Come to salvation! God is most great! There is no God but Allah!"

Arabia flamed with the news. Within a year Mohammed commanded a mightier army than any Arab had ever imagined in his wildest dreams. From Syria to the Indian Ocean and from the Persian Gulf to Sinai he was Lord—the accepted apostle of Allah. The Christian Churches, divided by theological debate and decadent in spiritual passion, withered and fell in the path of this flaming fighting force. Mohammed threw his forces northward into Syria—an army inflamed with faith in the man and in the message. Under his flag a new and tremendous force crashed in on the world. The course of history was changed. Suddenly, smitten by fever, Mohammed died in A.D. 632, at the age of sixty-two.

3

To hold the armies together, Abu Bakr, the first Caliph, i.e., "Successor," threw them into action. In a series of furious tidal waves they swept across Mesopotamia and overwhelmed Persia, engulfed Jerusalem and Damascus, surged across North Africa, smashing Egypt, Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, and Morocco. Eastern Christianity—and Christianity at that time was more Oriental than Western—went down in the flood.

"Great God," cried the Moslem general on the Atlantic shore, driving his frantic horse into the waves, "Great God, if I were not stopped by this raging sea, I would go on to the nations of the West, preaching the unity of Thy Name and putting to the sword those who would not submit!"

The tide burst into Spain and broke upon the Pyrenees. The very Spirit of History herself must have held her breath when, for seven long, tremendous, and bloody days, at Tours in the fair fields of France, the armies of Islam and Christianity were locked in the agony of a terrible and decisive conflict. At length, exactly a hundred years after the death of the Prophet, the armies of Islam were for the first time smitten and driven from the field.

In that century (Gibbon estimates) Islam overwhelmed thirty-six thousand cities, towns, and castles; destroyed four thousand Christian churches and erected in their places fourteen hundred mosques. In later centuries the Moslems poured across the Taurus Mountains, overwhelmed Constantinople, and hammered at the gates of Vienna; flung their force eastward, harried Central Asia, and came to the Great Wall of China; foamed down the passes into India and set up a mighty throne in Delhi.

What happened in the wake of these conquests? The bulk of the population became Moslem or died under the scimitar. The Koran became the Law,—criminal and civil,—controlling taxation, trade, government, everything. Mosques were built. In Jerusalem, for instance, where Abraham sacrificed and Solomon built his Temple, Omar (the second Caliph) built the Mosque of Omar. Governors and magistrates enforced Moslem law. Teachers made the new generation learn the Koran and the ritual of the Faith.

The Moslem Caliphs of Baghdad reigned over one of the greatest empires the world has ever seen. Their wealth was indescribable and their state overtopped the wildest romance in its profusion of gold and precious

stones, palaces and tapestries, and pomp and circumstance. Learning flourished. All the known wisdom of the world was translated into Arabic. It was from Arabic into Latin that practically all scientific and philosophical knowledge—for example, Aristotle—reached Europe in the Middle Ages. The thought was not that of Arabs, for the greatest Moslem authors have been Persian; their finest generals and soldiers have been Turkish; their mysticism has been largely fed from India and Persia, Spain and Africa; while much physical beauty has come in through the Circassian, the Greek, and the Armenian. But it was all within the world of Islam. Islam, indeed, had the world at its feet.

Then decadence set in. The early Caliphs in Baghdad reigned resplendent. But the move from the Spartan rigors of Medina in the desert to the luxurious, languorous heats of Baghdad on the Euphrates, was the symbol of a moral corruption. The Caliph's court became a purulent sore simultaneously sucking the strength from the body and poisoning it. Baghdad bled the Empire white with its demand for slaves and riches. Caliph rose against rival Caliph. Internecine war began. The *jihad* —the Holy War—was degraded to an organized system of massacre and loot. The fine elements of culture and art and the wonderful beginnings of science that radiated over the world were stamped out when the Turkoman hordes of barbarians in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries swept down from Central Asia, captured the Islamic control, and created Turkey.

So, by rottenness within and through the increasing strength of the European races without, Islam was gradually dismembered. Britain, in the middle of the nine-

teenth century, took over the wreckage of the Mogul Empire in India. North Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea fell into European hands. The Eastern European Balkan nations won their own freedom. The World War subtracted Iraq, Syria, Palestine, and Arabia from the rule of Turkey. The spirit of nationalism divides the rest. Today Turkey has thrown away the Sultan and the Caliph and has set up a secular nationalist dictatorship directed for the most part by Turkish agnostics educated in Europe. Egypt has set up a purely national constitutional monarchy. The Persians have gently pushed the representative of their old dynasty of Shahs off his worm-eaten throne. The Arabian deserts have reopened their internecine feuds.

So before the eyes of our Mecca student-pilgrim sitting in the cloisters of the Kaaba there unrolls, as on a moving picture reel of history, the spectacular rise and fall of the temporal power of Islam. He realizes that the Moslems of the world live today divided under many different governments, most of them Christian in name. He sees that today eighty-five per cent of the Moslems of the world (numbering in all 240,000,000) are under the rule or protection of Christian governments. To consider the masses largest numerically, we find that within the British Empire there are 94,000,000; Holland follows with 39,000,000; Russia, 15,000,000; and France, 28,000,000; while America in the Philippines holds almost 600,000. Some 17,000,000 are in semi-independent lands or in countries mandated under the League of Nations. A bare 30,000,000 live in independent Moslem states. He recognizes that out of every seven living Moslems, only one is

under Moslem rule. The other six are ruled by Western powers. He suddenly sees that this very Mecca pilgrimage on which he is himself engaged is the one powerful symbol and engine of unity left to Islam.

"What, then," he asks himself, and we ask with him, "is the present state of Islam? Whither is it going?" If we sit down with him and look at the essential meaning and the radiation of this Mecca pilgrimage, it will throw some initial light on these problems.

4

If a man is a Moslem, sane, free, and able, that is, in health and capable of maintaining his family at home while covering the cost of the journey, he not only is permitted but theoretically must make the pilgrimage. Why?

The fact is that Mohammed as a native of Mecca took over the pilgrimage into his system as a "going concern." Mecca was already developed in some century far back beyond the edge of written history as a place of animistic pilgrimage by wandering Bedouin tribes. Placed in a barren, sun-smitten desert spot, hostile to human settlement, Mecca was in origin a camel oasis round the Zemzem well. Hidden in its hot, barren, narrow valley, broiled in the heat from the brazen sky between the high, stony, surrounding hills, Mecca would dwindle to a caravan market were it not for the pilgrimage.

As a result, the Meccan attitude to the pilgrimage is largely commercial. The people there fleece the pilgrims unmercifully. The slave market exists, in which the commodity for sale is largely young women. The city is saturated with immorality. Two quarters of the city are

occupied by professional prostitutes for the pilgrims. Many good Moslems are as scandalized by Mecca as Luther was by the abuses of a very different kind connected with the pilgrimages to Rome.

What, then, is the value and meaning of the pilgrimage? It has two values which together are so great that they make the pilgrimage the real symbol of unity in the whole Moslem world.

The first and original value of the pilgrimage is its effect on the pilgrim in stirring an intense emotion of crowd psychology. The pilgrim glows with pride in his membership in this mighty interracial brotherhood.

The second value of the pilgrimage is the indescribable radio activity of this emotion all over the Moslem world. The caravan trail runs back from Mecca into a score of lands; and along that trail the pilgrim carries a penetrating influence.

The pilgrim is now a Hajji. He radiates an awe-inspiring aura of prestige. The pilgrimage has normally nothing to do with holiness in any spiritual or moral sense. But its pyschological effect is irresistible. And the lower the standard of intelligence or civilization, the more overwhelming is the effect. Sometimes, however, the Hajji ruins this effect by his overbearing insolence, which infuriates his neighbors; and he tells stories of the dissolute life in Mecca that dissipate the aura of holiness from the name of the city.

Hardened Turkomans of the Central Asian plateaus will, however, weep with excitement at the sight of one of their own folk coming back from the Mecca pilgrimage. Afghan brigands on the one hand and Negroes in the Sudan or Nigeria on the other hand are overwhelmed

with awe. Yet, so also are the relatively more advanced Moslems of Delhi or Cairo. They will kiss the pilgrim's footsteps, rub his dress on their cheeks, to get an atom of the dust of the Kaaba, embrace him.

This has important political consequences. Our pilgrim from across the Sahara finds Mecca pilgrims from Morocco, Algiers, and Khartoum; Jerusalem, Agra, and Calcutta; the Philippines, Azerbaijan, Singapore, Java, and Angora. He discovers there that, of all these, the pilgrim from Angora is the only one who belongs to a self-governing Moslem state. The others are all ruled by "infidels"—Spanish, Italian and French, American, British, Dutch and Russian.

"Why endure this?" he asks. "There was a time when not only were all Moslems ruled by Moslems, but millions of Christians were ruled by Moslems. Turkey is free. Egypt has won large freedom by rebellion. The Riffi have shaken the power of Spain. Why should the infidel rule us any more?" The whole world-wide ferment for self-determination supports him in his emotion.

So a vehement conflict of loyalties is set up in him. The pride created by the vivid bird's-eye view of a Pan-Islamic brotherhood which he has seen in Mecca at the pilgrimage conflicts with his loyalty to the "infidel" government under which he lives. That conflict of loyalties the pilgrim often carries back with him to the Dutch East Indies, to India, Syria, Palestine, and North Africa. Enormous consequences have come from this and are still to come.

The greatest actual consequences have arisen from the rise of the fanatic puritan Moslem upheaval called the Wahhabi movement which captured Mecca once in 1803,

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and has again done so in 1924, subduing Medina in 1925. The Wahhabi movement tries to recover the first triumphant fighting passion of Islam. Here—in a single sentence each—are noted four upheavals that radiated from the Wahhabi ferment in Mecca through the pilgrims into Asia, Malaysia, Africa, north and south of the Sahara:

1. A Sudanese, Sheikh Othman Danfodis, returning to Africa aflame with Wahhabi anti-infidel ardor, united the peaceful, agricultural Fula people into a furious belligerent federation that swept the western Sudan with tempests of conquest for decades, until the British occupied Nigeria in 1900.

2. Three pilgrims from the Dutch East Indies in 1803 returned from Mecca blazing with Wahhabi fire and created in the Sumatra highlands a maddened fighting army of fanatics who poured into the Batak country, massacred all who would not accept Islam, burned their villages, outraged their women, and sold their children as slaves; so that only after fully fifteen years of war could the Dutch Government suppress them—and even then by virtual annihilation.

3. The intermittent fighting in India on the Northwest Frontier from 1825 to 1870 between Wahhabis and Sikhs and between Wahhabis and British all arose from the return of a Mecca pilgrim, Syed Ahmed of Oudh, aflame to purify Islam and make it a fighting unity with the war-cry, "All India for Islam!"

4. Today the European powers holding rule in North Africa—the British in Egypt and the Sudan, the Italians in Tripolitania, the French in Algeria, and the Spanish in Morocco—are all feeling the repercussions of the Senussi

movement founded in 1837 by Sheikh Senussi, following his studies as a Mecca pilgrim, and radiating now from its mysterious Saharan oasis.

The pilgrim when he gets home will likely paint in colors upon the wall of his house the scenes of the pilgrimage, the camel caravan, the railway train, the ship, the Haram and the Kaaba, and even some imaginary lion encountered en route, so that all who run may read and catch a glimpse of the world of Islam as it shares that pilgrimage. He is a Hajji and over his coffee and hubble-bubble he tells his admiring, awestruck friends some such story as we have followed in this chapter. Past his house, however, the electric tram grinds and clatters; into his hand the daily paper comes; his son wants him to buy a motorcycle; his daughter tells him that in Constantinople women do not wear veils.

He stands for this tremendous fact, that an eighth of the human race is dominated today by the message of Mohammed and that from the burning center of Mecca in Arabia the power of Islam radiates into every continent. That system is built four-square upon traditions and commands delivered fourteen centuries ago. Until now the discipline has proved rigid, inflexible, unchanging, and has held the life of the Islamic peoples fixed in its molds. Islam still has a commanding appeal to its immense range of followers, the appeal of loyalty to a man, to a message, and to a brotherhood.

Is that command of men built on enduring foundations, or is it even now being slowly but surely undermined?

CHAPTER THREE

BETWEEN THE DESERT AND EUROPE

I

STUMBLING through the rain down an ill-lighted, narrow, cobbled street in the Italian quarter of Paris, in 1925, I turned into the gloomy bar of an evil-smelling "hotel." Behind the bar with its array of liqueurs and *limonades* stood the tall, big-built, rather puffy-faced hotel keeper—an Algerian.

Hearing us talking, other men drifted up to join the conversation. In ten minutes I had shared confidences with seven young men—a Tunisian, awaiting a ship from Cardiff to South America, which he was to meet at Cherbourg, a Turk from Smyrna, a Moroccan, an Egyptian, and three other Algerians, all of whom were employees in the sugar refinery whose hulking structure loomed up a short distance away.

They were all Moslems. They represented three quarters of the Mohammedan world around Mediterranean shores. They were staying in this weird hotel where the beds are never empty. For in that sugar refinery the twenty-four hours are divided into three eight-hour shifts. The machinery never stops. The hotel beds are used on the same principle. They are never cold. One shift of men coming from the factory to the "hotel" goes to the beds as those who have come from the beds go to the factory—three times every day.

Leaving the bar, I went down some murky streets and found café after café, scores of them, where all the patrons were Kabyles—Algerian Moslems from North Africa. Going into one, I found the men there to be mostly black-haired, young Kabyles in their late teens or early twenties. Some wore the fez, but most of them looked like swarthy Europeans. They sat gloomily, in alternate silence and talk, in the dimly lighted, frowsy room. A dog lay scratching himself on an armchair whose stuffing was falling through the gaping fabric. On the wall was a photograph of Mustapha Kemal. All were smoking. Half of them were racked with coughing. Some were drinking "maya," a favorite alcoholic beverage like absinthe; others took coffee. In many of the cafés card-sharpers encourage the youths to get drunk and then play poker or ronda, a North African card game, and fleece them of much of their wages.

These men and youths, I found, were laboring in pneumatic tire and automobile factories (notably Renault, Citröen, and Panhard), in sugar refineries and candle works; while in other parts of France their brothers were in agriculture, coal-mines, the building trades, and metal trades. The lure of France to them was wages. One boy, for instance, whom I met, had come to France knowing that a debt of some six thousand French francs rested on the little home of his fathers in Algeria. In nine months he had saved all that amount and had sent it home to his people and so redeemed the family property. The event created no small stir in his Algerian village. Of course, every lad there wanted to take the next boat to France.

The lure is double—the earning of money in quanti-

ties that to them seem fabulous, and, for the more ambitious youth, the escape from "a blind alley" civilization into an open road for talent. Much of the money is spent or lost in gambling and dissipation in France, but vast quantities of it go back to Algeria. At the post-office in one town in Algeria as much as twelve million French francs a year are paid out for postal orders sent by these men in France. In one post-office, on the day before the great feast of Ramadan in 1925 in Algeria, over a million francs were taken out.

At the outbreak of War in 1914 there were fifteen thousand Kabyles in North Europe, mainly in Belgian coal-mines, but they fled to France on the German invasion of Belgium and took refuge in Paris. Many went home to North Africa. The War crashed in on their whole national and tribal life. As many as 260,000 Algerians crossed the Mediterranean and died for France in the World War. At the end of the fighting they began to pour into France to work. Seven thousand Algerians per month left Africa for France in 1922 and 1923. Many were turned back as undesirables; but multitudes entered. Regulations were framed to reduce the numbers drastically. Then they came as stowaways and in other surreptitious ways. When jets of sulphur vapor were blown into the holds of a ship from Algeria in Marseilles in the winter of 1924-25 to rid the boat of rats, fifty-seven Kabyles emerged, coughing, from under heaps of coal. There are now at least forty thousand of these Kabyles in France.

They keep a common loyalty to each other as members of the Brotherhood of Islam. But they lose almost every Moslem habit. They are not called to prayers by a

muezzin, so the drill of prayer is neglected. A fraction of the men keep the Ramadan fast to secure forgiveness for the sins of the year. If asked whether there is a God, almost all would vigorously say "Yes," though a few are explicit atheists. They mostly drink alcohol and eat pork, in defiance of Moslem law.

A new and lovely mosque is being built in Paris as a memorial to the Moslems who died for France in the World War and as a center of Islamic study and teaching.[1] But, even when completed, it will barely affect these men, for it stands miles away from their quarter of Paris.

Almost none of their own Kabyle women-folk can come with them from Algeria. Many, whether already married in Algeria or not, make alliances more or less temporary with the thrifty poorer girls and women of the Paris Italian quarter and the suburbs. A number of them wish that they could marry these French women but are usually unable to secure the necessary papers. They adopt the European ways of living of the women-folk. They are French subjects, but for the most part not citizens of France. Sometimes they will fight, generally with a curved ripping knife, and usually it is when in drink and over a woman.

It is an extraordinary, indeed a terrible, spectacle, in that we have here a mass of young life cut off from all the old roots and with no new ones forming. The ancient tribal customs and the laws of their Faith are wiped out; their home life is destroyed; the ancient religious cisterns are broken and the waters have leaked away. They have no company of their own womenkind. Their bodies, ac-

[1] A similar but smaller mosque has already been built since the War in Berlin.

customed to the all-embracing warmth of the African sun, are pierced with damp cold. Racked with coughing, many die of pneumonia.

They have changed the camel caravanserai for the Paris café; the bazaar for the boulevard; the mosque for the "movie" theater; the minaret for the factory chimney; the muezzin for the factory siren. They have drifted from Islam; but in Christian Europe they have seen little of Christianity. No picture of a Christian home has ever dawned upon them; moral laxity is all about them. "In France," they say, when they are asked about keeping the moral laws of Islam, "all is permitted."

An American missionary society has sent a worker to Lyons; a British society has brought a man back from Algeria to Paris; but the total impact of Christianity on them is infinitesimal. Perhaps the best thing that comes to them is a bilingual version of the New Testament in their native tongue and in French. This they are eager to have as it helps them to learn French. They thus get a true picture of the personality of Jesus for the first time in their lives.

As a whole, they are sheer flotsam and jetsam washed by the remorseless tides of modern commerce into this strange harborage. In them there may be seen a vivid picture of young Moslem manhood in the Arabic-speaking world of North Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Iraq that is being swept from the ancient camping grounds of Islam out into this new trek along the commercial routes of the Western world. They are, not only in the workshops of the West, but in the universities, from Paris to Chicago and from Oxford to Prague and Rio.

What does it not mean that since the War, for year

after year, more of the youth of these lands have gone into Europe and even North and South America than have taken the pilgrimage to Mecca?

The influence of their going to Europe is not limited to themselves; in Algeria, for instance, we discover profound changes among the women-folk of those Kabyles and other North Africans in Paris.

"France has eaten up my husband" is a common saying today in Kabylia among the young wives, left often destitute with one or two small children. They are often unwanted in the home to which they now legally belong—the home of the father of the absent young husband. Nor are they wanted back in their old home where already there are many mouths to feed. So it happens today with many of them that they drift out into a life of immorality.

On the other hand, the families to whom the Kabyle men in France are sending money are building better houses, living on a higher scale, seeking and getting better education for their children, and in general turning their faces toward the West.

2

Behind this Mediterranean stretch of North African Islam in the desert lie oases. The most mysterious of all the forces that play on the life of young Islam in North Africa radiate from some of these lonely places that are islets in that ocean of sand just as the Hawaiian or Philippine groups are islands in the Pacific. Among these oases two—named Jarabub and Siwa—radiate intangible, powerful forces along the camel tracks that run to Tripolitania, Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco. They

therefore have a special significance at once in the romance and the strategy of twentieth century Islam.

The oasis of Jarabub is a small patch of a few square miles of habitable and watered land in these vast waterless wastes behind Tunisia and Tripolitania. Four great caravan routes radiate from it. Caravan traders and soldiers cannot cross the huge Libyan Desert except through this oasis, for they must take water at its wells. These routes create the strategic value of the oasis which—by agreement with Egypt—the Italian Government occupied in the spring of 1926. In the oasis stands the massive Zawia or monastery school built by the order of Sidi Ben Ali es Senussi; the founder in 1855 of the great Senussi Brotherhood as well as his tomb and mosque. The oasis is, therefore, a center for students and pilgrims from every part of North Africa. That fierce Puritan Moslem order spread from this oasis an amazing and passionate fervor against the penetration of the White Man—the Infidel—into North Africa. It spread Islam down the caravan routes into Negro Africa. The Senussi also combined piety with profit by conveying pagan Negroes from the Central Sudan and selling them into Moslem homes. They thus made money and Moslems by the same act. Another great center of the Senussi movement has more recently been developed eastward to the oasis of Siwa in the Libyan Desert west of Egypt.

The Senussi movement—like the Wahhabi movement—is a vehement and powerful force fighting for pure, primitive, free Islam. It has run like fire in the veins of fanatical young desert Moslems. They move hither and thither up and down the camel tracks to all these lands—Morocco, Algeria, Tripolitania, and Egypt.

What a conflict of spiritual forces is created in a young Moslem when Paris and the Senussi oasis are both pulling at his heartstrings! Some of the spiritual fire in Abd ul-Krim's fighting force among the Riffi in the Spanish and French zones of Morocco has been kindled by the Senussi movement. To whichever side of that conflict our sympathies or judgment may lean, no one can touch the springs of reality in the passion of the Riffi for a measure of independence without the conviction that here is something that is immortal, that no strength of arms can quench. The following sentences from the letter in which Abd ul-Krim expressed his will for peace breathe the spirit that lies behind the whole world-wide movement of the races for self-determination.

We demand nothing but our rights and we defend nothing beyond what we consider our duty to defend. The sole purpose of all our actions is to arrive at peace. We desire to educate our people and to reform our country. We are always ready to make peace and come to terms, as soon as we can perceive that our enemies recognize justice and admit our legitimate rights without (the enjoyment of) which we cannot exist. The Rif has characteristics of its own and an ability to exist which entitle it to be governed for and by its own people and to live as other nations do, in liberty and independence. The Rif trusts that when it obtains those rights, and its just demands are accepted, it will live in peace and tranquillity with all its neighbors and open its door to foreigners in a fitting way to bring about happiness. These are our hopes and our desires. . . .

Although the enemy occupies a portion of our country, and may, we suppose, advance and occupy other parts, all this does not detract from our faith, for we remain steadfast to our principles even if only one mountain-top may remain to us to occupy or to inhabit. We shall cause great

loss to our enemies. Although the enemy will possess a further part of our country, it will not trouble us because we have won more than that in our victories in various battles; nor do we perceive any virtue in it; nor will it affect our determination because all the enemy has done is to create new war fronts on which he is daily suffering great loss. We still continue prepared to defend our rights to the very end and to die for our principles. We shall be patient, as we have been for many years, until the day will come in which right will conquer wrong.

Peace be upon you and great respect.

MOHAMMED BEN ABD UL-KRIM UL-KHATTABI.

This conflict in the northwest corner of Africa is not isolated. In the hinterland behind the Mediterranean façade of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, there run the tracks of intercourse between the different Islamic expressions of this world-wide nationalist renaissance. These tracks link up Abd ul-Krim's followers with the fervent Senussi of the oases; with the nationalists of Tunisia, Tripolitania, and Egypt; with the fiery warriors under the banners of Ibn Saud in Central Arabia; with the rebellion of the Druzes in Syria; with the new upheaval in Persia that has placed Riza Shah Pehlevi on the throne; and with the drastic secular nationalism of Mustapha Kemal. The extraordinary welter of conflicting and yet mutually inflaming movements is revealed in the fact that in Tunisia alone between July and October, 1925, the French governor had to face a Nationalist upheaval, a Bolshevik strike, a Fascist demonstration, and a Moslem revival. How tense this situation may become is suggested by contemplating the possibility of an upheaval of 1,700,000 Tunisian natives in a land where there are only

46,000 French and where there are 88,000 Italians, most of whom think Tunisia ought to belong to Italy.

3

If, however, a man walks in the native bazaars of a city or along the alleys of a village in Morocco or Algiers, Tunisia, or Tripolitania, he sees the ancient life going on apparently unmoved, with all the romance of almost unbearable beauty and repose. It seems to him incredible that the life should be suffering—or should ever suffer—any change.

Here in the bazaars of the Moslem cities of North Africa are the bearded sheikhs, the women veiled in black from inquisitive eyes; the little, gray, tripping donkeys loaded with willow osiers that bury them to the ears; the motley Negro boys bearing burdens in baskets on their backs; the dancing, tumbling children padding the soft dusty earth with brown, swift feet. There are heaped-up baskets of radiant oranges, pale lemons, blood-colored tomatoes, red carrots, white and black grapes. The scent of creamy garlands of orange blossom blends with the fragrance of Arabian jasmine. Yonder, at a booth, a servant is chaffering over the price of the powdered pastries that lie flanked by soft creamy cheeses, honey festooned with bees and flies, spices, and shining dark green olives. From the dark Rembrantesque interior of a café float the odors of scented tobacco and of the burning of coffee, with the nasal blare of a phonograph. A traveling beggar, powdered with the dust of many roads, asks for the bread that is the alms of Allah.

Above our heads the latticed, shuttered windows whisper

of the secrecy of Moslem houses. The harems turn their backs upon the streets; while through the gateway the inner courtyard is to be seen, fresh with flowers and the waters tinkling in the cool stone basin of a fountain. Beyond the fountain the master of the house and his friends take coffee in deep-windowed shadowy rooms remote from any rays of the sun.

Yet in that same city a thousand boys may be at school taking the same curriculum as the boys in Paris, although they complain bitterly that the schools provided by the European governments are inadequate to the needs of the Moslem natives and only provide properly for the European inhabitants. This complaint, however, is itself a symptom of the new movement for progress. Every year in Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia from seven to ten thousand native students leave the schools able to read French. To these boys—sons of fathers who if they can read at all can read only Arabic—is freed the whole literature of France, scientific, fictional, social. They can read Karl Marx, Anatole France, Rabindranath Tagore, and Einstein, where their fathers for thirteen centuries have known nothing save the Koran.

Going into a village, we hear the nasal clamor of fifty boys' voices through a window in a mud wall. The sound tells of the mullah teaching them to memorize the Koran as they squat around him on the ground, with an eye on his uplifted cane. The arrival of a camel caravan brings the news of the great cities and the ports; and such picturesque versions of the events of the world as would turn the wildest "yellow" journalist green with envy. Evening comes, full of the calling voices of children and the peaceful sound of beasts returning to the stable under

the flight of thousands of swallows. The moon comes up across the desert of sand and above the naked Atlas Mountains. It shines through the silhouettes of palms, and it silvers the dust clouds from the hoofs of the flocks of goats and sheep that are brought in by a shepherd boy.

But the shepherd boy may be dreaming of the Argentine or of Brazil; and the schoolboys get letters from their brothers who work in the Renault factory in Paris.

These are brothers and sisters in blood and in creed. This shepherd lad, these boys in the village school, and those others in the automobile factories of Paris, in the army of Abd ul-Krim; those girls in the city harems or grinding the small stone domestic mills in the village home; these youths running errands in the streets or turning into the mosque courtyard at sunset, with the budding lawyers and chemists in the universities of Latin Europe and the young merchants in the streets of Rio and Buenos Aires—they are all part of the moving world of young Islam.

4

The life of young Islam in those lands and in Europe is, therefore, today a strange blend of the quietude of age-long custom, the fanaticism of desert Islam, the disturbance of science and the clamor of self-determination. The sultry passions and happy hilarity of Africa are shot through with the sharp intellectual challenge of Europe and the driving commercialism of the North. The Senussi of the oasis is faced in Tripoli by the Fascist from Rome. The Nigerian from across the Sahara, riding on his camel past the *de luxe* hotel in Fez or Algiers

meets the curious gaze of the Parisienne and the tourist party from San Francisco. Ancient custom is jostled by modern movement; the mosque, the bazaar, and the camel face the lorry, the autobus, and the cinema; the memorizing of the Koran goes down before the science of modern Latin European education; the lure of new wages calls Moslem youth from the mosque school to the pneumatic tire factory.

What principle of life remains to guide him and give him a route to follow through life? A rigid Islam can no longer command his assent. A materialistic agnosticism or "careerism," like "Dead Sea apples," turns to dust and ashes in his mouth. There is a widespread longing among many of the fine spirits of the new generation for something that will be a spiritual guide and a moral reinforcement in this difficult day. The old guidance is proving itself inadequate to the demands of the time with its expanding opportunities and with the novel calls of a new commercialism and new range of racial politics.

Heroic spirits have, in this area, against steady detraction and derision, for decades quietly presented, by their lives as well as their lips, the Christian message. Little response came. They might well have been forgiven if they had stopped work. Today, however, as a result of all this movement of youth and the shaking of ideas, a new spirit of open-minded inquiry is replacing the old arrogant resistant spirit. An insistent clamor reaches these Christian teachers in unexpected areas for teaching that will give some light on the meaning of life. The faith of these pioneers is being justified. They need reinforcement by young Christian spirits tuned to the demands of youth in these lands. One other reinforcement,

—unseen, mysterious,—may also meet them. It is never safe to forget, in all this Mediterranean frontage of North African Islam, its wonderful Græco-Roman and Christian history. Some five centuries of life of the Christian Church—and over a thousand years of the influence of Rome—were there before the Islamic conquest swept it away. Superb ruins of amphitheaters and temples and churches still witness to this past. Those Roman-Christian centuries cannot fail to have left their mark in the subconscious being of these peoples.

There are some today who know intimately the Moslem life of those areas who declare that there are qualities and ideals concealed in their hearts like seeds hidden in the sod under a dark forest, that never grow until the trees are cut down. These seeds will break and bloom and fruit in new and vigorous life when the shadow of rigid legalistic, Koranic Islam begins to disappear, and the Light shines.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ANCIENT CAMPING GROUNDS

THE great Arabic-speaking lands from the Nile to the Euphrates have for forty centuries been bound up together. Human civilization was cradled in these river valleys. The empires, the arts, the religions, the types of civilization of Egypt and Mesopotamia have been interlocked. They have been locked in the wrestle of war as often as not; but whether in war or in peace, they have interpenetrated one another all the time.

Perched above them on her plateau, Persia has, all through those millennia, been semi-attached and semi-detached. It was so in the days of Cyrus, Nebuchadnezzar, and the Pharaohs. It is so now. Similar waves of feeling and thought sway the youth of these different lands today. So we may well look at Egypt and Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and Iraq, together with Persia, as one diversified unit.

I

A man in the moon gazing through some monstrous telescope at the earth would, at one point, be captivated and perplexed at a unique phenomenon. He could see a golden ocean stretching nearly three thousand miles from west to east, cut by a lovely strip of ribbon. The ribbon

would have an exquisitely narrow central line of greenish blue, bordered on each side by broader bands of emerald green, shading swiftly away into old gold on either side.

The motionless sea would be the vastest stretch of desert on the planet,—the Sahara and Arabian,—running across Africa from close to the Atlantic over to Suez and thence across the Sinai Peninsula to the Persian Gulf. The ribbon would be Egypt, that magical strip of fertile land created by the waters that run northward from the great lakes of Central Africa into the Nile; Egypt, that gave birth to the first imperial civilization in the history of man; Egypt, which today is the intellectual head of the Moslem world, and which crams into one narrow neck of land all the baffling problems and thrilling possibilities of the young Islam of tomorrow.

Egypt rules herself today for the first time in two thousand four hundred years. The Persians threw Pharaoh from the throne of Egypt in the fifth century before Christ, and between the Pharaohs of the Bible times with a Prime Minister like Joseph, and King Fuad of today with a Prime Minister like Zaghloul Pasha, Egypt has never ruled herself.

After Persia fell, Rome ruled Egypt, with, for instance, Cleopatra as vassal. Then the Byzantine Empire took control, ruling Egypt from the Sultan's throne in Constantinople. The Arab Caliphate Moslem Empire next took hold, till Selim the Grim, Sultan of the Turkish Empire, grasped Egypt in 1517. Turkey, with slowly slackening grip, held on from that day for four hundred years till the World War of 1914, although during the last thirty years of that period the actual control of Egypt was in the hands of the British, who had entered Cairo

in 1882 to bring order out of the chaos into which the country had been thrown by the excesses of a government that had been bleeding the country white for a generation.

Behind the façade of Turkish rule, Lord Cromer, the British Commissioner, and his administration gave Egypt in a quarter of a century what she had never had in four thousand years. Forced labor and the whip were abolished; slavery was suppressed; equal law was equally administered; justice could not be bought and sold; freedom of expression of opinion was allowed; the Nile was regulated and its waters distributed impartially to prince and peasant; well-equipped hospitals were opened for the sick; prisons and asylums were humanized; taxes were reduced; financial prosperity replaced bankruptcy. Egypt was richer, happier, and better educated than she had ever been.

The new generation, that had never suffered under the oppression of the old régime, now began to call for home rule for Egypt. Already Lord Cromer had prepared for this, with his almost uncanny foresight. Zaghloul Pasha, who had first come into prominence as a young lieutenant in the rebellions that preceded British intervention, was made, at Lord Cromer's suggestion, minister of education in 1905. In 1908 local self-government was extended. In 1913 a statute to create a representative legislative assembly approximating to parliament was drawn up, on the advice of Lord Kitchener, who succeeded Lord Cromer. Zaghloul Pasha was elected non-official vice-president. Thus Egyptian nationalism came to birth; and the way was open for the young Egyptian to make his land free and great.

But life was transformed when, in the following year, the World War flung Egypt into the crucible. Turkey entered the War against the Western Allies. Britain, therefore, declared Egypt no longer a part of the Ottoman Empire and proclaimed a Protectorate over her. Egypt under martial law became one great military camp.

Instantly, on the end of the War, Zaghloul Pasha claimed independence for Egypt. But the "elder statesmen" at the Peace Conference were preoccupied with Europe. Agitation went on apace in Egypt. As month followed month, rebellion became universal. Young and old, effendi and fellahin, Christian and Moslem united. So amazing was the nationalist unity that the hitherto incredible happened. Priests of the ancient Coptic church preached in mosques; and Moslem mullahs in Christian churches. The white-hot flame of nationalism fused all into one single sword for the freedom of Egypt.

On February 28, 1922, Egypt was recognized as a free, independent, sovereign state with a new constitution under King Fuad. There was left open for future adjustment the question of the safeguards for Great Britain in the control of the Suez Canal, the "jugular vein of the British Empire." General elections returned Zaghloul as Prime Minister with a stupendous majority.

Egypt, as a self-governing monarchic democracy, looks across the narrow waters of the Mediterranean to Turkey, the new self-governing republic. Two new experiments in modern democratic rule in the Moslem world thus arrest our close attention and profound sympathy. Their success or failure rests on the shoulders of the

youth of those lands. And from many points of view the future of young Islam all through the world hangs on the success of these experiments.

2

Here in Egypt is a land of thirteen million people, with one million in Cairo, its capital. Eleven twelfths of its population are Moslem. Egypt—or, at any rate, Cairo—is looked upon as the intellectual center of the Moslem world. The fellahin, cultivators of the soil, are, however, profoundly ignorant and constitute by far the greater part of the population. But even they have been swept by the spirit of nationalism. Some eight hundred thousand of the population are of the old Coptic Christian race. The others are Greek, French, Armenian, Syrian, Sudanese, and British. The government, the control of the railways, and so on, are Egyptian. But the banking and the commerce stay pertinaciously in Christian—for the most part in Greek, Italian, Armenian, French, and British—hands.

This in itself is a symptom of Egypt's greatest problem in realizing her own dream of prosperous national growth. Multitudes of young Egyptians hunger for an opportunity for the honorable exercise of responsibility. To shoulder them with that responsibility is, of course, one element in creating the power to exercise it. The basic need, however, is for a rich development of really Egyptian young manhood, with far greater initiative, integrity, and staying power. Only thus can new Egypt run her own life—her commerce, her railways, her finance, and

her education; create her own literature and art; and make a contribution of her own to the life of the nations.

How is this to be done? Clearly we come again here to the position that education for life, education that creates a sense of responsibility and at the same time creates capacity, is required. Young Egyptians already reveal powers of leadership and of civic and social service that bode well for the future if the process of character-building is carried forward vigorously and on a sound basis. This fact is being recognized in Egypt and over wider areas, by leading Moslems.

To create a character that is Christian in outlook and in fiber is a supreme need for Egypt—as for all lands today. If asked, what is here meant by a Christian as distinct from a Moslem, our reply would be that we have in mind the type of character that is envisaged by the moral standards and attitudes of the Gospels, and that is perfectly incarnate in the personality of Jesus Christ, as contrasted with the type envisaged in the Koran and presented in the life of Mohammed.

No Christian is, of course, perfectly Christian. Many living as members of what are called Christian nations are incarnate denials of the whole Christian idea. The civilization of Christendom is still saturated with anti-Christian ideals and practises. The relations of Christian nations with others have, for this reason, been frequently shameful. But admitting this, it still remains fundamentally true:

First, that Christianity has created a certain type of character which—with all its imperfections—stands for moral discipline, honesty and fair play, loyalty, respect for others, equal justice, and service.

Second, that this type of character is frequently found in the Christian nations, and is the foundation of what is good, stable, free, humane, just, neighborly, and progressive in Christendom, as well as in its relations with other nations. It is literally "the salt of the earth," purifying and preserving.

Third, that this type of character can only be developed ultimately and maintained in living power in a society that contains multitudes of individuals living in personal loyalty to Jesus Christ and sharing his truth about the nature of God—as Father, as holy, and as just.

The extent to which the first two of these truths are saturating progressive minds in the world of Islam is remarkable. We shall find evidences of that throughout our study of young Islam.

Three incidents in the recent history of the American University at Cairo illustrate this point in relation not only to Egypt but to Arabia. They show how the most conservative circles of Islam are coming into touch with the progressive teachings of Western science and even of Christianity. This university is known as a Christian institution, but it is not such in any controversial sense. Daily chapel is required of all students as well as two periods in religious instruction each week. The approach is sympathetic. It is that of saying to the student, "These are the things which we have found helpful in our own personal lives. We want to tell you about them. You may take them or you may leave them, as you wish." The students are willing to listen to Christian teaching when presented in this way.

A splendid, tall, fine-looking young man was being enrolled as a student. The usual questions were put to him by the President of the University.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Mecca."

"You mean your parents come from Mecca?"

"No, I just came from Mecca myself."

"But you are speaking English."

"Yes, my father taught me English."

"But how did your father know English, in Mecca?"

"He was taught, sir, by some Indian pilgrims who had learned English in India."

"What is your father's business?"

"He adjusts misunderstandings and quarrels between the pilgrims of different nationalities who do not understand each other's language."

"How, then, did you hear of this university?"

"Your notice, sir, was in the *Mokattam* [a Cairo newspaper], and we take that newspaper in Mecca. My father read it and said I should come to Cairo to get an education."

Another boy came to the University whose father was formerly in charge of the annual pilgrimage which bears the sacred carpet from Egypt to Mecca. Is it not significant that from a family at the very center of the Moslem system a student should be enrolled?

There is a great corporation called the Wakf, which holds millions of dollars' worth of religious property and religious funds for Islam in Egypt. One department in it has to do with the maintenance and repair of mosques. A student enrolled in the University was the son of the official in charge of this department.

In Cairo is Al Azhar, the central university of the Moslem world. Yet high Moslem officials prefer to send their sons to the Christian university in the same city.

If we could imagine men at the head of great Christian organizations in America sending their sons to a Moslem university because it had some contribution of intellect and character to make which the Christian universities lacked, we should have some parallel to these examples. It would not be a complete parallel, because Islam in essence as well as in practise has had so drastic a scorn for the non-believers that it requires an immensely strong motive to lead a man to send his son to sit at the feet of an "infidel" and learn. And undoubtedly that motive today is usually the desire to give their sons equipment in mind and in character for a career in the world of tomorrow.

We see in these examples and others[1] how the teaching of young Egypt is developing the kind of character that can "play the game."

3

A sharply contrasted scene greets us as we move from the densely thronged fertile land of Egypt into the open desert spaces of Arabia, the birth-place of Islam. This enormous old-gold shield of desert decorated with emerald oases is flanked, near the Red Sea and parts of the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, by fertile areas.

The old animism—the spirit-worship and superstition that Mohammed fought when he cried, "There is one God"—is still active, as you may see from the fluttering

[1] See last chapter.

rags tied to some thorn bush over the tomb of a Moslem saint, tied there to get the help of the spirit in the healing of disease or the birth of children. The old separatist tribalism that Mohammed and his followers welded into a superb fighting force is inveterate. The Arabs are essentially Ishmaelites, tribe raiding tribe and fighting in incessant feuds.

Yet today they are welded in Arabia herself, for the most part, under the new and powerful leadership of two men. The one, Sultan Abd ul-Aziz ibn Saud of the Nejd, ruler of Central Arabia, Lord of Mecca and of Medina, is the fighting head of the vehement puritan Wahhabi movement whose aim is to make Islam again the old, austere, strong force. He is the most powerful living Arab and, in some quarters, is regarded as the greatest Arab genius since Mohammed. He is of immense stature and strength; about forty-five years in age; a sincere, brilliant, fighting leader. He is more European in ideas than are his followers. He concluded in November, 1925,—after his capture of Medina following that of Mecca,—a treaty of friendship with Britain.

The second powerful Arab leader is Imam Yehia, ruler of the Yemen area of Arabia, that runs down to Aden. The Yemenites detest the vehement, fanatic puritanism of the Wahhabis.

King Feisal in Iraq is another Arab king who rules in close association with the British mandatory government of that area.

The shock caused by nationalistic Turkey in abolishing the Caliphate and secularizing education, and the marvelous strength of Kemal in dictating terms to Europe [2] has

[2] See Chapter Five.

made many Arab leaders wonder whether, after all, their hope as a race does not lie in a changed attitude. It would mean that the Arab Moslem, instead of cursing the Arab Christian as an "infidel" should, for the first time, work with him for Arab interests. Two mottoes that old King Hussein proclaimed illuminate this idea. They are as follows:

"Before we were Christians and before we were Moslems we were Arabs."

"Religion is a relationship to God. Patriotism is the mutual relationship of the natives of our own land."

This attitude is, of course, flatly opposed to the fanatical Moslem attitude of the Wahhabis. But its influence grows. And all the force of nationalism and Western science helps it. Its growth is also aided by the new contacts of the Arabs with outside civilization. This is reinforced by the paradoxical fact that the Arabs' great cities are not in Arabia. The cities of the Arab world are those to which he takes his camel cargoes; i.e., Smyrna, Damascus, Baghdad, and Cairo. Of course, Arabs do live in those cities, but they are flabby, sedentary merchants scorned by the true Arab, who suffocates within closed walls, and who is the lean, wiry cameleer traveling over the desert tracks from oasis to oasis, carrying the commerce of the Near and Middle East; or the Arab prince, lord of a thousand tents and ten thousand camels. This nomad Arab goes to the ports of the desert and, after leaving there his cargo of date or spice, carpets or silks, returns home to his wives and children and tents with knives and tobacco, coffee and cartridges, cotton fabrics, needles and scissors; with even a gramophone or a sewing machine.

When we ask what is to be the future of the Arab, we are deafened by a contradictory clamor of debate that rages around his sublimely unconscious head. To the progressive, scientific, and cultured mind of, for example, a clear-thinking Frenchman like M. André Servier,[3] the Arab is a persistently destructive, barbaric, narrow-minded, arid being who has been a principal cause of the decadence of the Moslem nations. He is a shepherd, a soldier, a wanderer, and cannot conceive of any better state. Even the Arab literature, science, and philosophy of the Middle Ages were borrowed from Greece and Persia and were distorted, mutilated, and desiccated in the process. The Arab Mohammed even borrowed the only good elements in Islam from Judaism and Christianity and, in doing so, made them arid and sterile. This is one view of the Arab, and it certainly has an element of essential truth.

To the equally clear and objective mind of a Paul Harrison,[4] however, the Arab with all his exasperating qualities of barbaric warfare, lying, tribal separatism, and shiftlessness has qualities of dignity, courage, loyalty, endurance, hospitality, and gratitude that win the head and the heart. Dr. Harrison has given years to the most intimate sharing of Arab life, has devoted himself with unstinted heroism to the Arabs of eastern Arabia, and has, in turn, won their loyalty and reverence. He sees in the Arab great possibilities when set in the larger liberty and shaped by the more generous discipline of Christianity and above all when won to loyalty to the person of Jesus Christ. The one view sees the Arab from

[3] See *Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman.*
[4] See *The Arab at Home.*

without and as he is; the other view sees him as he may be if the great qualities within him find play in the liberty of the Kingdom of God.

4

A personal experience with Arabs may illuminate this issue and incidentally it carries us forward into Palestine. Riding one day across the Plain of Esdraelon (1924), the writer went into that corner of the Field of Armageddon where the gap pitches down into the Jordan Valley and looks out to Transjordania, northern Arabia, and Mesopotamia. There the village of Nain climbs the foothills. He called on the Sheikh of Nain and found that the Sheikh of Endor had galloped across the plain on his horse and was also calling upon the Sheikh of Nain, his neighbor. The chief men of the village of Nain had come together to talk over the affairs of their world with the two Sheikhs. Here we were in a tiny village remote from the world, without even a road leading to it. The very names of the villages of the two Arab Sheikhs carried the spirit back to Christ, and beyond to the days of Saul. Surely no unquiet modern movement would be at work here. Very swiftly was I undeceived. A cataract of political and racial conundrums descended upon me from the two men.

"When is the British Government going to carry out its promise made to King Hussein in the War to give freedom to the Arabs?"

"Why are the Jewish villages in Palestine allowed to have cases of arms and ammunition whereas,"—and the voice vibrated with passion and the cane whistled

through the air,—"if I, an Arab, am found with a cartridge in my pocket, I am imprisoned?" [5]

"Cannot Britain stop the infamous Mustapha Kemal, who has abolished the Caliphate and thrown the Caliph out of the country? It is wicked—wicked! Zaghloul Pasha would never do so."

"Why did Lord —— in England make that speech against the Arabs, saying that they were savage, undisciplined, and ignorant?" (I had never heard of the speech nor even of the peer; but these Sheikhs of Nain and Endor knew by heart what he had said a few weeks earlier in Manchester, England.)

It was a lesson that the writer can never forget, to find the Moslem Arabs in this primitive Palestinian village, where the habits of life are still those of Biblical days two thousand years ago, acutely sensitive to world movements and problems. The atmosphere was electric with the Moslem-world problem of the Caliphate, with the new and burning Arab nationalism, as well as with the kindred nationalisms in Turkey and Egypt, with the Arab versus Jew antipathy, and with the racial hostility to white domination.

Six days later the writer was with boys of fourteen to eighteen in Bishop Gobat's school, on the supposed site of David's first fortress at Jerusalem. These boys, largely Palestinian Arabs, were comparing their high jump, long jump, and hundred yard running records for the season with the similar records of the British public schools—Eton and Fettys and so on—and of the high schools of North America. I found that students at the English College at Jerusalem—among whom were more

[5] This was true, but has been altered since then.

Palestinian Arabs—were preparing for London University examinations.

Here, again, though in the different spheres of athletics and scholarship, the electric alertness to worldwide standards was revealed. We have already seen how the new roads, the automobile, the cinema, and other influences are breaking up the old life in Palestine and are giving the young Moslem new ideas and ideals.[6] The British Mandatory Government is steadily extending across Palestine a network of elementary and then of secondary education, with—most important of all—a scheme of teacher-training. The world will see in Palestine in two decades something quite unique in history, a country with its whole population of young Arabs literate. To help in training the leadership of such a national group and to watch what place that leadership will take in the great illiterate Moslem Arab world, will be of entrancing interest and high moment.

5

Moving northward across the frontier into Syria, we discover, under the French League of Nations mandate, a population of two and a half millions of different races, predominantly Moslem, yet with no fewer than eighteen different religious affiliations, largely mutually antagonistic. They are to some degree, however, submerging these differences in the sense of national unity. Revolutionary changes are taking place in the consciousness of the young generation. Nationalism, in the sense of Arab self-consciousness, grows in intensity,

[6] See Chapter One.

while the sense of the world unity of Islam diminishes. The insults to Druze sheikhs in 1925 when a French military officer cut off one side of their beards—an indescribable insult from the Moslem point of view—and the refusal of the Governor to listen to a deputation of protest, was the match which exploded the nationalistic powder magazine and created the revolt that led to the disastrous bombardment of Damascus by the French artillery. The recalling of General Sarrail and his replacement by a civilian and a League of Nations enthusiast, M. Jouvenal, is one more symptom of the awakening of the Western powers to the real force of the demands of the subject Moslem nationalities.

Imagine an American Christian schoolmaster, loyal to the French Mandate, with a school of Syrian-Arab boys seething with this spirit of antagonism to Western rule.

"The problem that is troubling me most at present centers around *independence*," writes such a one. "Although most of the Syrians realize that they are not yet ready for self-government, they seem to feel that the first step is to get rid of the mandatory power. We do not discourage the independence feeling, but we do discourage any anti-French talk or act. We try to develop a desire in the boys to study the needs of their country and to train themselves as leaders.

"Our graduating class was angry because I would not allow them to invite the patriot, Dr. Shahbander (recently released after serving three years of a twenty-year prison sentence) to be their Commencement speaker. They were angry because I would not let them have as their motto 'Syria for the Syrians,' or 'Work for the Complete Independence of Syria.' Some were angry because I cen-

© *Ewing Galloway*

THE SACRED ENCLOSURE AT MECCA WITH THE PILGRIMS AT PRAYER, THEIR HEADS TOWARD THE KAABA, THE GRANITE CUBE BUILDING FORTY FEET SQUARE, DRAPED WITH AN IMMENSE BLACK CLOTH.

© Publishers Photo Service

THESE MOSLEM WORSHIPERS IN THE COURT BEFORE THE GREAT MOSQUE AT DELHI ARE CARRYING OUT PRESCRIBED ABLUTIONS WHICH PRECEDE THE PRAYER SERVICE.

sored a class song that said, 'If our churches and mosques stand in the way of independence, we will drive them out.'"

In this last sentence quoted from these boys is the very bugle-call that is thrilling in them as they trek out on the new, unknown, untried road from the old life. It means in a word, "If it is Islam versus Nationalism, or if it is Roman Catholicism versus Nationalism—then away with our religion." That is a note that in all history has never before sounded across these mountains of the Lebanon in the ears of those peoples.

We discover also in Syria, with her intimate contacts with Western Europe, an inquisitiveness of mind combined with a disconcerting degeneracy. That the bookshops of Beirût should have multiplied in recent years and be thronged with customers sounds full of promise. But when one sees among these books cartloads of the least desirable type of French novels—and all educated Syrians can read French—the question thrusts itself into the foreground, "Is it better to be able to read and then to read rot than never to have read at all?"

A young Syrian of the effendi class, when challenged on this point, said, "But would you have us stand with folded arms and not read at all? This is the literature that is put before us." The call to produce for circulation among the young life of this Islamic reading world a brilliant, full-blooded, clean, Oriental literature, rings out with bugle-clearness and insistence.

6

Running eastward across the desert to Mesopotamia (or Iraq as it is now called) and to Persia, we complete our swift aeroplane-view of the trek of young life in this moving world in the old homelands of Islam.

The young Arab of Iraq is opening his eyes in a new world. The trans-desert automobile and aeroplane service, the stimulus of British administrators in Baghdad with their plans for the irrigation of those half-desert areas that once supported empires; the stirring of the pulses of nationalism; the beginning of the first few steps toward the education of womanhood; the inflow of commercialism—with the outflow of oil,[7]—all these are breaking up old ways and creating a new demand for knowledge.

Before the War an Iraq or Persian student in a modern university was as rare as a white blackbird; in 1925 no less than two hundred Iraqi and Persians—including, marvelous to relate, some young women—crossed the desert by motor to enter, as students, the American University at Beirût. The impossible has become the commonplace. A similar symptom reveals itself in the present-day demand for a new type of young manhood and womanhood in the Moslem world.

The present intellectual hunger in Baghdad is incredible to those who knew the city some years ago. There are four thousand young men and women in evening schools in Baghdad. Enrolment in such schools in Mosul is increasing daily.

[7] A shipful of oil (gasoline) is taken from one pipe-line in Iraq every day and carried to Cardiff, Wales.

Even the Moslem detestation of a youth breaking away from his old faith and taking on the Christian discipleship is beginning to be less frantic in Iraq. A Moslem Mesopotamian Arab, whose son, recently, was eager to become a Christian, vigorously resisted his boy's request. At length, however, the youth took the decisive step. When he had done so, the father came to the educational missionary who had been responsible.

"My boy has become a Christian," he said. "I am sorry. But now that he has become one, I am come to you to say that I look to you to train him so that he shall become a good Christian."

7

When we climb from the damp yet blazing heats of the Euphrates Valley, step by stupendous step, up the mountain ladder to Persia, we leave the Arab world that has been with us from Egypt onward and move into a different atmosphere.

We go up through riven and blasted valleys on a way that is insecure, with precipices below and banditti above. Reaching and crossing the plateau, we look over to icy blue ranges of snow mountains. Below opens a great cup containing a city.

Descending into the city before sunset, we are swept at the gates into a press of merchants and porters, camels and donkeys, beggars and boys. We go to the home of one of the merchants of the city, a shuttered house impenetrable to the eyes of the world, and we find a rose garden. There is a still pool reflecting willows and poplars, with a small fountain at one end playing above the

sun-flecked water. Near by an arbor is shaded by a riot of climbing roses. Here tea is sipped and the *kalyan* is smoked amid quiet talk and the gossip of the city. It is a haunt of domestic peace and rustling leaves and sunlit silence, emphasized by the vague murmur of the traffic without. At midnight the haunting lovely song of the nightingale in the moonlight dominates all. We are in a Persian garden.

The nature of the people who have created the Persian gardens and have cultivated and given to the world the rose is in sharp contrast with the nature of the Arab. The spirit of Persia began to work from the very outset upon the spirit of fighting Islam which the Arab brought up from the stark, blistering, harsh desert.

When, in the seventh century, the tidal wave of Arabs broke over the cliffs beyond the Mesopotamian plain and on to the plateau of Persia, it smashed an empire. It did much more—it submerged a people, a language, a literature, and a religion. These four, though utterly alien to the Arab and his faith, yet brought something of their own into Islam, and they have changed its history.

The Arab is a Semite, like the Jew; the Persian is an Aryan like the Anglo-Saxon and the North Indian. Persian is a language that lies between Latin and Sanskrit; Arabic has little touch with either. Persian writers were mainly poets who sang of the love of women, the joy of wine, the power of princes, and the nature of God; Arabic written literature was then practically one book —the Koran. Persian religion was Zoroastrianism, that quiet, mystical faith of fire worship. Today it survives—with the few remaining books in the old Persian language

—only among the Parsees of Bombay, the cultured remnant of the Persian Zoroastrians who fled for their lives to India in the eighth century to escape the fire and sword of a ruthless conquering Moslem Arab.

When the Arabs set up the great Abbasid Caliphate in Baghdad (A.D., 750-1258) as the capital of the stupendous Moslem Empire, the Persian scientists, theologians, philosophers, and officers of state became powerful. They wrote and spoke in Arabic. The greater part of the genius often ascribed to the Arabs in those early Mohammedan centuries was really Persian. Arabic became, by conquest, the language of Persia. It remained so until five centuries later when the wild Mongols exterminated the Abbasid Caliphate in A.D., 1258, and left Persia to struggle through chaos back to her own old language and a new dynasty.

The luxuriant and mystical spirit of the rose gardens and retreats of the Persian soon softened the hard outlines of Arab Islam. The Sufi hermit did not appear to be a dangerous heretic as he stood, in his woolen robe, declaring that God is the only reality—is Truth itself; that in every man is a portion of God separated from Him and always longing for reunion; that man achieves that union in moments of ecstasy, yet falls back again; and that the pilgrims must travel along a Path of Initiation to become fully one with God. But this Sufi teaching led to the belief that God and man, and God and his world, are one. So the Sufi God faded into a mystical pantheism absolutely opposed to the merciful Sultan of the Sky that is the Allah of Islam.

The muezzins shouted the call to prayer to Allah from

the minarets and the mullahs preached Islam from the mosque pulpits; but the poets in their gardens all sang Sufism in those lovely lyrics that swayed the soul of Persia.

In the days when William the Conqueror was crowned in London, Omar Khayyám in Persia sang an alluring pessimistic atheism combined with the proclamation of the foolishness of virtue. Omar, the son of the tentmaker, was an astronomer and a mathematician and a free-thinker as well as a poet of

> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—

It will be seen that in race, in spirit, and in attitude of mind the Persian and the Arab are far asunder. This has tended to perpetuate the great cleavage of Islam into Sunnis and Shias—a cleavage which began among the Arabs themselves when the friends and relatives of Ali, the first cousin and the son-in-law of Mohammed, demanded that he should be recognized as the first Caliph, or successor to the prophet. The Persians, who later allied themselves with the Ali party, therefore reject altogether as usurpers Abu Bakr, Omar, and Osman, the first three Caliphs of the Sunnis. Each side strenuously maintains that its followers are the "True Believers." The perpetuation of the division, however, is closely associated with fundamental differences in race. The Persians are Aryans; the Arabs are Semites. A descendant of Ali proclaimed in Persia the Caliph as belonging by divine right to the descendants of Ali. Then the vanquished Persians, glad of a war-cry and a banner against the Arab, rose as one man and threw off the yoke of their

Arab conquerors. So, since 1499, when Ismail, the first of the Safawi dynasty, came to the throne, the Shia faith of Islam has been the national religion of Persia.[8]

The supreme hour of the year for the Shia sect is the commemoration of the heroic and tragic death of Hussein, the son of Fatimah, Mohammed's daughter, and of Ali, at the feast of Muharram.

No words can describe the excitement of the drum-beating and the processions, the self-scourgings till the blood runs, the prayers and, above all, the tears, the cries of "Woe, woe!" and the curses called down upon Omar at the performance of the "miracle play" that dramatizes the death of Hussein. At that time a strange volcanic anger bursts up and overflows, anger against the Sunnis who set up the rival Caliph and broke the true succession of the Prophet. The Shias have, as a matter of fact, no Caliph today. They say that one exists but is unknown. They wait for the promised *Mahdi* who is to come to reunite Islam and to restore its diminished fortunes.

The actual beliefs of the Shias range from the vaguest pantheism—the belief that Allah is all that there is and that all the forces of nature are God—to the wildest tales of miracle and primitive spirit worship. Similarly, you will find here a fierce ascetic and there a gross profligate, both Shias. The Shias of Persia, however, walk on foot to Mecca and are devotees of the pilgrimage.

So, of the ten millions of Persians, all except about one hundred thousand Christians, Parsis, and Jews are Moslems; and nine millions of the Moslems are Shias, with a

[8] Today there are in all some twelve million Shias. Of these, about nine million are in Persia; others are in the province of Oudh in British India, and in Tirah on the Northwest Frontier of India.

leaning toward Sufi mysticism and recently a strong development of Bahaism. They are the most approachable of all the Moslem peoples.

If, however, you ask a young Persian today what he is, his first reply will be, "A Persian." Nationalism has flared up until at last the Persians have even risen to revolutionary action—a very rare thing with this generally rather languid people.

Popular literature always reflects feeling, as any reader of contemporary fiction knows. In Persia the place of the novel is taken by the poem. Most Persian poets, like Western novelists, have written of love, often in erotic strains. Some have sung mystical poems of religion, often in figures like those of the human love poems.

Today, however, nine tenths of Persian poetry is nationalistic. And though action does not follow swiftly on the heels of ideas in Persia, the youth of the country is strongly nationalistic.

This strong nationalistic trend has thrown up new leaders, and what is of the greatest moment, a new Shah to displace the feeble absentee holder of that title, who has been but a figurehead of a ruler for years. Riza Shah Pehlevi, the idol of the youth of the Persian army and a dominating personality, who has been the real power in Persia's period of unsettlement, crowned himself Shah in a gorgeous ceremony at Tehran in April, 1926. This was the high point of a picturesque career in which he has appeared variously as cadet and then officer in the Imperial cavalry, after training in Russia, an accomplished student of the piano in the Petrograd Conservatory and careless pleasure-seeker in Western European capitals. He is a man forty-five years of age, and has shown re-

markable ability in establishing order in a distracted country. What Mussolini is to Italy and Mustapha Kemal Pasha to Turkey, Riza Shah Pehlevi is to Persia.

He assumes his new dignity in the face of strong opposition in certain quarters. The conservative Moslem mullahs are stirred to anger against the trend toward secular nationalism which the circumstances surrounding the new Shah's rise to power indicate. Opposed also are certain semi-independent tribes of nomads in western Persia, who always detest any strong central executive that will curb their ways.

Nowhere in the world of Islam have the Christian educational, medical, and evangelistic missionaries been more successful in creating a new leadership. Remote as Persia is, a new intellectual inquisitiveness has swiftly emerged with the new nationalism. Eleven new schools were opened in Isfahan alone in 1924. Literacy is increasing in the new generation.

The youth of Persia is awakening to the world of movement outside. There is a stirring, a desire to get out of the old ruts and to find new paths of fuller life and efficiency. This is affecting the whole attitude toward Christianity, not only of the youth, but of the fathers.

A boy, for instance, the son of a leading man in a provincial town, wanted to become a Christian.

"What will your father do?" asked the Christian principal of the school which the boy attended.

"Probably kick me out of the home," was the reply.

"Let us ask him."

So the father came one hundred miles to the town where the boy was at school. "It is the boy's own affair; let him

choose," replied the father to the amazed missionary. It happened that the father had been reading the Bible in secret, unknown even to his own family. Today the mother has asked for a Christian teacher for herself.

Another example, typical of the movement that is going on, is the case of a youth twenty-two years of age, who was baptized recently at Shiraz. His father was so furious that he went into fits. He then threatened to take the boy right away from Shiraz and put him to live in other cities.

"There are Christians in all those cities," replied the boy. "It will make no difference."

At length the father dropped his opposition and watched the life of the boy. He is now so delighted with the way the youth is living that he has turned completely around.

The movement is not so much among the poor and ignorant at this stage as among the well born and well educated. We can meet, for instance, in Tehran in Persia a drawing-room full of Persian men converts, most of them in their twenties, some of whom are in high governmental positions and speak as many as four languages. Seven days' journey from Tehran, in a town on the very frontier of Afghanistan itself, seventeen converts from Islam have recently been baptized.

When one asks by what processes these men have come to that new loyalty, the paths are many—study, discussion, teaching, reading the Story itself. But in and through all it is the personality of a teacher whose character commands the new Way of Life to the young Persian.

8

A composite picture of the hope of this new situation in all these areas from Egypt to Persia can be found in the young life vibrating within the American University at Beirût. Here, in the classrooms, on the campus, and in the playing-fields, over a thousand young students of all these Eastern nationalities are studying and playing and discussing together—Egyptian (Moslem and Copt), Arab, Palestinian, and Syrian, Iraqi and Persian. They study medicine, dentistry, law, engineering, journalism, language, literature, history, religion; and they meet together for worship in the college chapel.

Their intellectual equipment when they have graduated is equal to that of the universities of the West. The old fanatical Islamic quality has evaporated. Attempts to present the traditional view of the Koran and of the Prophet do not hold their attention or command their conviction. They have lived and worked in an atmosphere of open-minded scientific inquiry saturated with the Christian spirit. They are not Christians in any sense of explicit discipleship. They have left the old camping grounds of traditional Islam, but, for the most part, they have not been detached from the Moslem loyalties of the great world of life in which they have been reared. Similarly, in other colleges throughout these areas leaders are being created. In many of the colleges a definitely Christian discipleship of men who have broken with Islam is being developed.

These trained and equipped young men and women will go back into that Moslem world as its leaders—ad-

ministrators, editors, leaders in the professions and in business. And that world has itself been loosened from its old positions by the shattering effects of the War, the break-in of Western ways, the Bolshevik debate, and the insistent bugle of nationalism.

What will be the future of these folk? This momentous question is unanswered and, at this hour, unanswerable. It is certain, however, that movements have begun that can never be stayed. Those areas are so rich in history that great new history must come from them. Those peoples among whom the world's three great monotheistic religions have been born,—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam,—and who created the world's first great civilizations and empires, have still within them the power to produce prophets and kingly leaders.

In the oncoming young generation of these areas there may well be the Moses of a new pilgrimage for young Islam, and the Isaiah of a new national and racial destiny. Those who read these lines may live to hear the stormy voice of a new John the Baptist crying across the Jordan, the Nile, and the Euphrates to the eager youth of this new time, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"

CHAPTER FIVE

THE NEW VISTA OF TURKEY

I

DOFFING his soft gray felt hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the people, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President and, indeed, the creator of the Turkish Republic, walks into the little town of Kastamuni in Asia Minor between Angora and the Black Sea. His bearing is easy and confident, soldierly. He is a little above the average height, is closely knit and well-proportioned. His lifted hat reveals dark brown hair thinning over the temples, under which heavy brows frown over watchful dark and penetrating restless eyes and high cheek-bones. He has a large, masterful nose, and his closely cropped dark moustache fails to hide the tightly compressed mouth with deep lines of determination running from the nose to the corners of the lips. A square jaw and firm jutting chin complete the strong, ruthless face. It is the face of a Turkish brother of Mussolini.

Born in Salonica in 1881, trained as a soldier, Kemal Pasha fought against the Sultan in the Revolution. In the World War he had a brilliant record and was commander of the entire Turco-German force that broke the British offensive at Gallipoli.

Kemal Pasha has come to preach a crusade. And that soft felt hat in his hand is to be at once its war-cry and its standard. Rejecting the fez, he starts from this town

of Kastamuni on a vehement campaign among the principal Turkish towns to change, not only the headgear, but the whole clothing of Turkey. He not only recommends the change; with autocratic rigor, he positively commands it.

The loyal Turk today may wear a round hard felt hat, *le chapeau melon,* as the French picturesquely call it, or the peaked cloth cap, the soft felt, the tall silk, the French *beret,* or the panama. What he may *not* wear is the *kalpak,* or the fez, which until now has been for generations the absolutely essential headgear of the Moslem Turk, the brimless headgear that allows the forehead to touch the ground in the daily prayers of the obedient Moslem. How sharp a break this makes with the past is revealed by recalling that under the last Sultan every Turk who borrowed the hated headdress of the Christian was at once put in prison and subjected to severe penalties as a *giaour,* an infidel. But today men are under sentence of ten years' imprisonment for retaining the fez and refusing the hat. The hat that was criminal and heretical yesterday is obligatory and orthodox today.

The results have been sufficiently curious. The new hat movement raged like a forest fire. The few cap and hat shops in Turkey were, within a few days, reaping fortunes. They were literally besieged by customers, like a baker's shop in time of famine. Villages sent their officials to buy caps *en masse.* Doctors, lawyers, merchants, journalists, deputies, engineers, and professors led the movement, while the young generation followed enthusiastically. The municipal employees, tram conductors, cab drivers, police guardians of museums, firemen, and so on, were put into peaked caps. The univer-

sity undergraduates adopted the French *beret,* a round cloth cap.

The first Turkish cap factory was set up at Karamoussal; and a goat's-hair felt-hat factory was started at Angora. Melancholy notices of "Shops to let" were hung over the booths of the *kalibdjis* or fez-ironers. Those who tried to resist the change suffered badly. In the streets and even in the theaters the "hats" attacked the "fezes," which were torn, trampled upon, and thrown into the Hellespont. A few men have even been killed, martyrs to the fez, as a symbol of the past and of orthodox Islam.

Why this tornado? How can so apparently trivial a cause bring a man of the superb statecraft and the ruthless realism of Mustapha Kemal into the field as its protagonist? From outside and on the surface this turmoil has the appearance of being "much ado about nothing."

The fact is, however, that this fight of "hat versus fez" is a crucial battle in the clash of civilizations which we are watching. And it has come to a decisive issue, first of all in Turkey because she is at the very junction where both geographically and intellectually East and West, Asia and Europe meet. The whole issue becomes clear in a vigorous and amusingly detailed passage from the speech in which Mustapha Kemal first expounded the sartorial strategy of his campaign:

> The international dress of civilized peoples becomes our nation perfectly. We will be shod with shoes and boots; we will wear trousers, shirt, waistcoat, collar, tie, jacket; we will put on a peaked or brimmed headgear, or to speak more clearly, a hat. We will wear a frock coat, a tail coat, a dinner coat, a dress

coat; and, if there are those who hesitate, I will say to them that they are stupid and ignorant.

Summing up, Mustapha Kemal added in words that carry us to the heart of his argument:

In wearing a headdress different from the rest of the universe we are held at a distance from them. Look at the Turkish and Moslem world. You will see people who suffer and struggle because they do not conform their thoughts and spirit to the changes that civilization demands. That is the cause of our backwardness and of the misfortunes that have befallen us. If we have saved ourselves in the space of some years, it is thanks to the transformation of our thinking. We cannot stop. We must always advance. The nation must know that civilization possesses so great a force that she scorches up and destroys all those confronting her who remain indifferent.

Those last sentences of Kemal Pasha's speech open suddenly a previously shuttered window through which we see vividly the landscape of the young generation in Turkey. The "quick change" from the fez to the hat is the visible index of a transformation in thought. The new hat is important only because it covers a head seething with new thoughts. Its brim shades eyes that look eagerly out in a novel direction towards fresh horizons of life for a new Turkey. And the swift, wide, and enthusiastic adoption of the hat is a symptom of the fact that not the leaders only, but widening ranges of the people are turning their thoughts in the same direction.

Meanwhile, we have been seeing photographs of Latifé Hanoum, Kemal Pasha's wife,—now divorced,—riding on horseback without a veil. This, to an orthodox Moslem, is a blend of heresy, indecency, and illegality that is almost criminal. It is a symbol of the deep

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HERE BEFORE THE GREAT MOSQUE OF BUKHARA THE GOSSIP OF CENTRAL ASIA IS EXCHANGED IN LEISURELY FASHION.

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THE SPACIOUSNESS OF A MOSLEM MOSQUE, ITS ELABORATE DECORATION—IN WHICH NO FIGURES OF HUMAN BEINGS OR ANIMALS ARE EVER USED—AND ITS DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY ARE ALL SHOWN BY THIS MOSQUE IN CAIRO.

and even more significant fact that the young feminine Turkey also is turning her eyes toward the West. Here, again, the change of dress is a symbol of a conversion or transformation of spiritual attitude. And it is Christendom and not Christianity to which young Turkey is looking.

The face of young Turkey is, in a word, turned away from the East and its unchanged civilization of futile centuries to the West—to Europe, Britain, and America. They have seen power slide from the flabby grasp of the old type of Asiatic rule. They want power, national power, commercial expansion, a place of pride among the peoples, a richer, fuller life. They have discovered that the possessors of such power—the rulers over nine tenths of the inhabitable surface of the globe and six out of every seven Moslems on that surface—are the races of Western Christendom.

We are watching, then, one of the rarest and most moving vital events in history—a national conversion. The word "conversion" is here used in its true sense of turning around and moving in another direction. The Turkish Revolution is the abandonment of one way of life or civilization and the adoption of another. The examples of Greece and Japan are the only parallels in the last hundred and fifty years.

It is quite different from the American Revolution, which simply threw off a despotic government in order to sustain an existing ideal of civilization; or the English Revolution which was a domestic incident in a secular fight for liberty; or the French Revolution which broke the despotic shell to liberate the growing kernel.

So the young Turks look today for their models, not

to the East, but to the West; not to Aleppo, Baghdad, Mecca or Tehran, but to Paris and New York, Berlin, and London. They look to the capitals of Christendom, but, we repeat, they do not look to Christianity. They are going even farther; they scorn Al Azhar University in Cairo, the traditional intellectual center of Islam. Its emphasis upon memorization of the Koran and its habitual attitude of eyes on the past stand to them for the negation of the progress and power that they desire. They openly say that the supreme mistake of the Turkish people was their adoption of Islam seven hundred years ago, a fateful decision which has led them out of the path of progress and civilization up a *cul de sac*. Their leaders are mostly agnostic "intellectuals" educated in Europe. Their "spiritual home" is not Mecca or Cairo, but Paris.

2

Politically we put the whole matter in a nutshell if we say that we are witnessing in post-war Turkey the suicide of Moslem imperialism and the birth of secular nationalism. We are watching the death of the Ottoman Empire and the creation of the Turkish nation. To grasp that shining central revolutionary fact is to hold the clue to the Turkey of today.

What, then, has driven Mustapha Kemal and those whom he leads to this momentous conclusion? Let us stand with Kemal Pasha and try to look through his eyes at the history of his people.

The most violent explosion of human energy in history—which, indeed, indirectly caused the discovery of

America—came when, in the thirteenth century, the galloping Mongols of Central Asia flung their fierce and splendidly generaled forces eastward and north-eastward to Manchuria and to Peking; southward into India, to Lahore; south-westward over Persia to the sack and massacre of Baghdad; and westward across the steppes of Russia to Poland and Germany; creating an empire six times the size of the United States.

This gigantic dominion broke in pieces of its own weight. But, incidentally, the explosion had thrown a tribe of Turks out of Central Asia into Asia Minor. They adopted Islam. Their first independent king was Othman (1295), from whom they were nicknamed the Othman (or Ottoman) Turks.

Fighters first and last, these Turks spread their rule until, in 1453, Christian Europe was terrified by the capture of Constantinople. That event precipitated the renaissance of learning in Europe. Mightier things were to follow. The Ottoman Turks spread the Turkish Moslem Empire in three continents—Europe, Asia, Africa. They penetrated into Poland and Hungary; they strode across Syria and Palestine to the Persian Gulf; they careered over Arabia to the Indian Ocean; they ruled all North Africa,—including Egypt,—from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. The Mediterranean Sea was their lake. They even forced the Caliph, then residing in Egypt, to cede the Caliphate of Islam and carried the mantle of the Prophet in triumph to Constantinople.

By a superb paradox of history, this Turkish-Moslem triumph, then, created the white domination of the world by Christendom.

The new white nations of Western Europe—the Dutch, the French, and the English, the Spanish and Portuguese, wanted trade in the Middle East and in India. But the Turk stood at all cross-roads of the world's commerce of that day and wrote "No Thoroughfare" on each. This stupendous curved scimitar of the Ottoman Empire barred every land path. So the white man of Europe tried to find an oceanic way. Attempting, forty years after the fall of Constantinople, to out-flank the Turk and to seek a new route to India, Columbus was surprised to discover a new continent—America. Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, revealing the coasts of Africa and another route to Asia.[1] So the white rule of America, Africa, and half of Asia began.

The Turks flung the most amazing boomerang of history when their own triumph caused this world-wide expansion of the European and American white races of Christendom which has now swung back and destroyed the Ottoman Empire.

The story from that day on is of the European powers carving joints out of Turkey. Britain, who had already taken charge of the seventy million Moslems of the Mogul Empire of North India, now laid her hand on Egypt. Greece was carved out in 1829, and the other Balkan States achieved independence in successive wars. North Africa was cut up piece-meal, for Spain carved off a part of Morocco; France took the rest of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia; Italy seized Tripolitania.

In the midst of all this, Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey in the late nineteenth century made a cunning, brilliant, and cruel effort to redeem the whole situation by

[1] See *The Clash of Color*, Chapter I.

a vast Pan-Islamic scheme. The idea was that the whole world of two hundred and thirty million Moslems should be taught to look to him, Sultan of Turkey, as its Caliph. Brooding and scheming sleeplessly on his cushioned divan in the Pavilion of the Star (Yildiz Kiosk) as he called his new palace, Abdul Hamid, like a superb spider, spun and spread his Pan-Islamic web over India and Persia, North Africa and the Arab peoples. He brilliantly used the splendor of the Mecca pilgrimage by fathering the scheme for the Hejaz Railway to the Holy Places and Arabia. His spy-agents penetrated every nook and cranny of the Moslem world to collect money for this holy railway and to proclaim the greatness of Abdul Hamid the Caliph-Sultan. With Bismarck dismissed from power in Germany, Kaiser Wilhelm II was free to ally himself with Abdul Hamid to help the Hejaz Railway, and, in a speech at Damascus, to promote the Pan-Islamic policy by hailing Abdul Hamid as "my friend and ally whom three hundred million Mohammedans throughout the world revere as their Caliph."

The cruel element in this vast Pan-Islamic scheme was that it involved clearing out the Christians from Abdul Hamid's dominions. "The Christian nationalities of Europe," he said in effect, "have broken up my Empire in Europe. Am I going to allow this ancient Christian Armenian nationality to break up my Empire in Asia? Allah forbid!" So he followed his bloody policy of intermittent extermination.

Then the Young Turk Revolution forced Abdul Hamid to abdicate, and later it removed his semi-imbecile successor. The Pan-Islamic scheme was in the garbage can. But the "Committee of Union and Progress" created an

even more exciting scheme, the Pan-Turanian movement. This was a marvelous dream based, not on the Pan-Islamic idea of religious unity, but on race unity.

There are not more than eight million Turks in Turkey; there are fourteen million Turks in European Russia, Turkestan, and Central Asia as far as Mongolia and China. All these are now subject to Soviet Russia save some one and a half millions who are subject to China. Of these fourteen million Turks outside Turkey, the great majority—some nine millions—are Mohammedans. The Turks farther east are almost pure animists. To bring all these under the rule of Turkey was the Pan-Turanian plan.

The religious idea of Islam was thus for the first time in Moslem history put in the second place. The new idea of race and economic expansion replaced it.

The façade argument for Pan-Turanianism was race unity. But one force that drew the young Turk's enthusiasm—and the European brains and money that backed him—was commercial. It was the knowledge that these areas include potentially one of the richest colonial possessions in the world. From the Trans-Siberian Railway down to the frontiers of Persia and India, the land possesses priceless, rare furs, rich lake fishing, inexhaustible timber, stupendous wheat-growing areas, steppes swarming with cattle and sheep, mountains rich in gold and silver, and cotton fields that even before the War stood only fifth in the world, the United States, Britain, Egypt, and China preceding. The trade possibilities in meats, wheat, wool, furs, cotton, live-stock, gold, silver, and timber are illimitable. All that is needed is administrative efficiency and finance, with consequent communications.

It was believed with some reason during the War, in view of the expected breakdown of Russia, that these Pan-Turanian ambitions, backed by the force, finance, and the administrative talent and commercial genius of Germany, might make a wealthy empire, Turkish and Mohammedan, stretching from Constantinople across Kashgar to Irkutsk. Obviously, if that had been achieved, or should still in any other way be achieved, the political and commercial status of Mohammedanism in the world would be transformed.

These Turco-Mongol peoples are a neglected mystery of untold possibility, always nomads, once conquerors of the world, now shepherds and horsemen. The name by which they are popularly known, Cossacks, itself means "wandering horsemen." This tribe is made up of fragments of all the tribes that have roamed between the Great Wall of China and the Ural Mountains since before the dawn of historic time. They live under round, black felt tents stretched on wood, they eat sheep and drink mare's milk. They once spilled out from the roof of the world like human lava, and brought destruction and terror over Poland and India, over Asia Minor and China. Today they are shepherds. Yet the spirit of adventure still glints from their eyes as they look west, over the tent fires of the horde, into the sunset. When the trade-routes of the world passed over the land, these people of the steppe were rich and powerful and even dominated empires, and this was in the days when America was a land of bison and Red Indians and England a half-savage island.

Then the unanticipated miracle of sea travel swung world power to the sea-girt peoples. The seaways left

the steppe people remote and poor; but the motor-lorry, the turbine locomotive, the aeroplane, seem to herald a new turn back to the land routes. It may be the highest of all strategy for the Christian Church to carry its Good News to these virile, ardent, full-blooded peoples.

When the Great War crashed in on the world, the Turks entered on the side of the Central Powers and made their one sporadic attempt to light the Pan-Islamic torch. They proclaimed a Holy War,—a *jihad*,—calling, in the name of the Caliph-Sultan, all Moslems to fight against the "infidel" Allies. The torch only smoked and spluttered; it never caught fire.

During the War, the suffering of the Turks as a people was terrible. More awful still was the wholesale massacre and mass deportation of Armenians, a people who were Christian before Islam was born and who had lived in the land a thousand years before the Turks had come. This Aryan nation of Armenians stood now as a non-Turanian race in the same way that it had stood as a Christian group, breaking the Pan-Islamic world of the Near East. Thus the Armenians were hated both by the Islamic and the Turanian enthusiasts.

At the end of the War one in four of the population of Turkey had died from war casualties, disease, famine, and massacre. A total population variously estimated at between six and eight millions remained. If any man at that moment had said that within five years Turkey would be dictating terms to the whole allied diplomacy of Europe, he would have been derided as a lunatic.

Mustapha Kemal had, meanwhile, rallied around himself the broken Turkish forces, flouted the futile gov-

ernment in Constantinople, and set up the National Assembly in Angora. At the final touch of the landing of the Greek Army in Asia Minor in 1919, Turkish nationalism flared up. Within three years the Greek Army was in headlong retreat with Kemal on its heels. Smyrna went up in flames. At Lausanne on July 24, 1923, Turkey and Europe signed the Treaty of Peace that gave Turkey a free hand within her own borders.

Mustapha Kemal stood before the whole world as "the sword of Islam." He was elected president and virtual dictator of the new Republic which was created by the Grand National Assembly on October 29, 1923. He was made head of the state, commander-in-chief of the army, president of the Grand National Assembly, and president of the Council of Ministers.

The National Assembly of March, 1924, flung a bombshell into the Moslem world. It abolished the Caliphate. Within thirty-six hours the Caliph and his son were pitched across the frontier. The heirs of seven hundred years of the Sultan's throne and four hundred years as Caliphs, successors to Mohammed himself, were exiles in Christian Europe.

Within a fortnight the whole remnant of the House of Othman was thrust out of the land, robbed of palaces and jewels and fortunes. The overthrow of the Moslem religious law courts and religious schools followed. Simultaneously all the governmental religious foundations and the religious endowments were abolished. The bill embodying all these drastic acts was drafted by Youni Hadi, a vehement pro-Bolshevik. In 1926 Turkey adopted as her legal system the Swiss Civil Code and the Italian Criminal Code.

Turkey thus set up for the first time in all Moslem history a purely secular nationalist state. It is a dictatorship with a republican façade. Turkey has disestablished and disendowed Islam and canceled Moslem religious law as completely as France has disestablished and disendowed Roman Catholic Christianity.

Nationalist feeling had been roused to such a pitch by the events following the World War and by the prolonged strife between the new Turkish Republic and Greece that the most drastic measures known in modern history for the exchange of populations were written into the treaties of 1923 and have since been carried out. In ships and wagons, in trains and on foot, over a million Greeks, many of them members of families that had lived in Turkey for generations, crossed the Ægean Sea and the land frontiers from Turkey into Greece. Simultaneously the nearly half million Turkish inhabitants of Greece were uprooted and had to seek new homes within the borders of Turkey.

The aim, the single aim that explains every act of Turkey since Mustapha Kemal took control, is that Turkey, with clearly defined frontiers, shall be completely master in its own house. It is obviously a legitimate aim. Some of the methods, however, have been, right up to 1926, those of barbarism. A change of heart as well as of head is essential if Turkey is to be a friendly citizen of the civilized world.

3

In this new Turkey many new streams are flowing. The great inclusive youth movement in Turkey is the

Ojack, or Turkish Home Movement. It covers the land with a network of organization. A fervent nationalism and an eager intellectualism pulses through the whole body. Founded in 1912 by vehement nationalists,—such as, for example, Hamdulla Subhi Bey, the former Minister of Education,—it has had vagaries of policy. Today, however, taking nationalism for granted, the Ojack, like a vigorous national Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Polytechnic and Student Movement combined, develops Turkish life and culture. Through lectures by eminent men, concerts of Turkish and other music, courses in foreign languages, shorthand, and typewriting, a fine system of traveling dispensaries, libraries, museums, social gatherings, and so on, it at once rallies youth to its ranks and trains them in citizenship. Many women are in its ranks. It gave great help to Mustapha Kemal Pasha during the War of Independence. Today, wherever he travels, he visits the local Ojack headquarters and usually gives his speech in its neighborhood.

The new mode of life among girls and women is one of the most revolutionary and hopeful of all the movements in Turkey today.[2] Here, more than in any other Moslem land, young Islamic womanhood is leaving the old tents and trekking along new and open paths to an unknown goal. In the coastal cities the veil is being discarded more and more. Three quarters of the women in Stamboul go about the streets unveiled. Schoolgirls go unchaperoned. Young men and women go on outings together. The curtains segregating women in the trolleys have been removed. Wives go to moving picture

[2] See also Chapter One.

theaters with their husbands. Women appear increasingly as speakers, writers, and workers in offices. Polygamy has been abolished legally by the Assembly—unless necessity for a second marriage and the power of the husband to maintain and treat both wives fairly and equally are established. For the first time in a Moslem land a wife can sue her husband for divorce on the grounds of desertion or cruelty or misconduct, or if she finds he is already married. Marriage cannot take place before the man is eighteen and the woman seventeen years of age.

The conflict to be reckoned with in the future of the girlhood and womanhood of Turkey is piquantly presented in a short story that has appeared (1925) in a Turkish daily paper. The tale is called "Djémilé, the Laundress's Daughter." It runs as follows:

Mahmoud Ekrem Pasha is a rich official of the old school. "The young Republic appeared to him like the Medusa of which he wished to be the Perseus!" His only son, Chahine Bey, is "vibrating with enthusiasm to regenerate his country, but not hostile to a national Westernism." He works for these ends. "But in all that he does, one thing rests sharply present in his thoughts—it is the image of an adorable young girl whose soul and body form an aureole—a delicious dream that sweeps in on the young man across the sad realities of life."

Chahine and Djémilé had played together as boy and girl in his garden, where he used to feed her with fruits, while her mother did the washing at his home. He taught her to read, and she showed exceptional intelligence. Eventually the two grew to love one another. Chahine

was among those who fought at the Dardanelles, and he came back from the War a lieutenant in the army—and more in love than ever.

Though well aware of the storm that will descend upon him, he decides to marry Djémilé.

One day the father, Mahmoud, calls in his son. "I have found you," he says, "a splendid wife, the daughter of a millionaire. Her father agrees. Fortune is with you."

The son replies that he is sorry, but he has already made his choice—Djémilé, the daughter of the laundress. The father rages and storms at this "frightful lunacy," and calls Djémilé by vile names. Young Chahine tells his father to thank Heaven he is his father or he would slay him, and dashes out in a rage.

Meanwhile, Djémilé works hard at her studies, becomes expert in French and English, joins a women's association for developing the education of the young, and publishes articles in magazines. "I must be worthy of Chahine's love," she thinks to herself. Her charm and nobility of character fascinate all who meet her.

Chahine's father, seeing that he cannot move his son, calls the youth in and propounds a plan. It is in the Abdul Hamid manner; namely, that Chahine shall marry the millionairess and shall then take Djémilé as his second wife.

Chahine is amazed and maddened at the insult to Djémilé. "The blood in my veins cannot be your blood," he storms, and then leaves his father in a fury.

"Oh, for the days of Sultan Hamid," murmurs the old man to himself, "when I might have thrown this low-born girl into the depths of some distant province!"

Chahine rents a modest flat, marries Djémilé, and they build a nest where they know no wealth can replace the treasure of true love.

Then a terrible fire destroys all the possessions of Mahmoud Pasha, the father. In his poverty all hist friends abandon the old man. But Djémilé comes to the rescue and takes him to their home and looks after him affectionately like a daughter. The old man dies, blessing his noble children!

Another movement that is working swiftly in Turkey is interest in athletics. Football, baseball, tennis, cricket, and other games, as well as the big athletic events in Europe, are eagerly discussed. A dramatic evidence of this interest was shown by the government in 1924 in voting 77,000 liras to train and send a team to the Olympic Games in Paris. As there were no highly trained Turkish leaders, an Englishman was secured as coach of the "soccer" football team; a Hungarian, to direct the wrestlers; and an American, for the track and field athletics. Perhaps the greatest benefit of the whole experiment was the revelation to the Turks of the high standard of other countries, and the necessity for stern self-discipline in athletics.

All the early efforts to develop a real athletic quality of a high order among young Turks have so far been confronted by stubborn weaknesses which reveal the fundamental problem that the whole life of the Turkish nation faces. Those weaknesses may be summed up frankly as: first, inability to control passions and abstain from favorite forms of dissipation for the sake of athletic success; a lack of a quick, stern sense of honor and

loyalty both to the team and to the rules of the game and the principle of training; inability to accept defeat and to abstain from taking an unfair advantage, combined with a swiftness to complain.

There are conspicuous and splendid exceptions to this criticism; and the difficulty lies, not in the Turk himself, but in the whole background of his history, his standards of life, and his religion. Indeed, where Turkish boys in the early and more malleable years have come under the continuous influence of the real spirit of the game, as, for instance, in camp, they are already often revealing a splendid spirit of sportsmanship.

The religious tendencies of Turkey today lie hidden in the heart of youth. They are a turmoil of troubled and contradictory cross-currents. Two personal statements that reveal what is in the minds of many come from the lips of two Turkish young men (1925); the first, a University of London graduate, the second, an able journalist; the first with the old touch of arrogance, the second with a new spirit of seeking; but both agnostic.

I have grown beyond all need for religious faith; I can no longer conscientiously call myself a Moslem; certainly I can never be a Christian, for the very thought makes to rise up in me my dormant Mohammedan fanaticism.

I have lost faith in Mohammed; I have read Renan and I love Jesus; but I yearn in vain to believe in his God.

A large and increasing number of young men hold that no religion—Islam included—has sufficient truth or

power to make it worth while to submit one's personal life to it. Materialism, agnosticism, shot through with gleams of yearning for a spiritual guide and goal, prevail in the minds of an increasing number of the educated new generation. The old personal and spiritual Islam has fallen into decay.

The complete secularization of government, which makes religion a purely private matter, has already resulted in a smaller attendance at mosques and a sharp fall in the numbers taking the pilgrimage to Mecca. The methods of "higher criticism" are being applied by Turks to the Koran and the traditions. They have discovered textual discrepancies and differing readings in a book whose very definition is that it was dictated by God and was unaffected by even the human medium.

From the Book they turn to the man. Mohammed's character is being analyzed with the help of the new psychology and in the light of progressive moral standards. Neither the Koran nor the Prophet can face such tests.

The one religious and educational psychologist influential in Turkey is William James. His pragmatism is indirectly responsible for a strong movement to judge a faith by its results. This, incidentally, is responsible for the measure of appreciation given to Protestant mission schools in Turkey.

Mustapha Kemal summed up the situation when he said:

> The object of the revolution is that of giving to the citizens of the Republic a social organization completely modern and progressive in every sense. . . . All absurd superstitions and preju-

dices must be rooted out of our minds and customs. . . . Turkey can never be a country of dervishes and sheikhs and their disciples. *The only true congregation is that of the great international confraternity of civilization.*

All the movements in the new Turkey—the agnostic, the feminist, the youth, the Westernizing, the Bolshevist, the reactionary, the educational—all reveal a country that has definitely "struck its tents and is once more on the march."

Yet behind these movements lies a great mass of sodden inertia—the majority of the women who cannot read or write; the slow, patient peasants; the older merchants and officials who long for the "good old days" of quiet and undisturbed corruption; and the genuine spiritual Moslems of the "fundamentalist" school who see the nation heading for a precipice of moral and religious and political anarchy. The Turkish caravan is certainly on the move, but there are many reluctant passengers.

4

This whole situation has created for Turkey herself at least six problems. She can only succeed if she solves them.

The first is that she must continuously create and sustain a sufficient body of men of real integrity to administer the Republic without corruption. As it is with every nation, character in leadership is first and last her supreme need.

The second is that she must develop sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—a body of public opinion

sufficiently solid, informed, and internationally minded to sustain a civilized government. The present directorate obviously cannot persist forever.

The third is that the Turk must himself learn to be an efficient, reliable trader. If he fails, the Republic will become bankrupt. The departed Greeks and the Armenians were the traders of the Ottoman Empire. They ran practically all the shops and factories. The Turks were simply the officials and the peasants. The first developments in Turkish trading show promise.

The fourth is that the Turk must become a scientific agriculturist. Turkish peasants have, so far, rejected all modern methods of agriculture. The writer found, for instance, on the Cilician Plain around Tarsus that at the time of massacring the Armenians the Turks had deliberately smashed all the American mechanical sowing, reaping, and other machines which the progressive Armenians had bought. That plain and the Anatolian plateau of Asia Minor had been one of the great granaries of the Roman Empire. It can again become a great and prosperous agricultural paradise, but only by a drastic and thorough agricultural revolution. A beginning has been made, however, for, in 1925, for example, some hundreds of tractors were imported from America into Turkey.

A fifth problem is that of health, with which is involved the vital question of whether the population of Turkey will increase or go on diminishing. The amount of malaria, tuberculosis, intestinal parasites, typhoid fever, dysentery, trachoma and other eye diseases, and venereal disease is appalling. The government of the

Republic is seriously concerned about this problem. But with all the good-will in the world it cannot begin to cope with the difficulties. What are twelve hundred qualified doctors, concentrated largely in the few great coastal cities, among eight million people widely scattered, mostly illiterate, utterly ignorant of hygiene? The funds available for health work are utterly inadequate. Although criticism from without is always hazardous, it does, nevertheless, in this situation seem clearly to be the "midsummer madness" of nationalism to exclude all non-Turks from medical practise in Turkey.

The sixth problem is that the women of Turkey must be freed and educated. Unless they are, Turkey is doomed to fall again into the rear-guard of the world's life.

5

If we go back over these six problems, we shall see that the successful solution of every one of them is dependent upon intelligence and character in human personality. And there is one way and only one way of creating these on a national scale—education. By education we mean all the forces that develop the personality in mind, spirit, and body for citizenship—the service of God and man.

Education is, however, supremely difficult to achieve. The basic problem of a teaching staff adequate in number, in education, in training, and in attitude is in itself colossal. For Turkey this is complicated by the fact that she hates and dreads today all forms of foreign intervention. The Ministry of Education early in 1926 or-

dered that all teachers in foreign schools must be Turks by origin and "endowed with national sentiments." A large photograph of Mustapha Kemal must be placed in a conspicuous position. A Cross may be placed only in the school chapel.

Turkey, unfortunately, has good reason to dread the myriad forms of exploitation—political, commercial, and cultural—that threaten her. The missionary schools in Turkey, therefore, suffer today from the natural hostility against some unscrupulous commercial men—European, British, and American—who, immune from taxes under the Capitulations, have held much trade in their grip.

Professor John Dewey, the American educationist, on his return from a recent visit to Turkey, made at the request of that country to survey this very problem, speaks with unaccustomed warmth of indignation. "One becomes disgusted," he writes, "with the whole affair of guilt. Pity for all populations, majority and minority alike, engulfs all other sentiments except that of indignation against the Foreign Powers which have so unremittingly and so cruelly utilized the woes of their puppets for their own ends."

Madame Ferid Bey, for example, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador in London [3] has in her last novel, *Papillons de Nuit* (Night Butterflies), attacked foreign schools in Turkey. Turks, she declares, should educate their children in their own way. If they want foreign education, let them go abroad for it.

A writer in *La Tribune de Genève* [4] assesses the situation justly when he says:

[3] See Chapter One. [4] January 27, 1926.

Those who know the admirable work accomplished by the American schools in Turkey, those who can testify to the good that they have done in assuring instruction to innumerable Turks when there were no equivalent Turkish schools, will find Madame Ferid Bey severe and above all ungrateful. But that is the price of progress; always one sees the disciple array himself against his master and seek to take his place. It is natural, after all, that the Turks should be ambitious to educate their children themselves.

Turkey has started her educational policy by drastically clearing the ground. The Assembly has abolished the mosque schools and has secularized the education that she affords, though our information is that, at least in centers in the interior, the Koran teaching remains unchanged. How can it be otherwise, with no teachers available other than those who know how to teach nothing except the Koran and who command no other methods of instruction save memorizing? The Government also closed seventy French and Italian Catholic Schools until such time as they should take down all crucifixes and religious pictures. Before the War the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions had a score of schools and colleges of the first rank, and many minor schools, with a body of pupils totaling thirty-five thousand, composed of all races. Today most of the American primary schools have been closed, and in the colleges that remain the students number about fifteen hundred, most all of whom are Turkish Moslems.

The existing Turkish governmental system can only take some two hundred thousand, or somewhat over ten per cent of the total population of school and college age. Of these, over three fourths are boys. Less than five

thousand are in universities and professional high schools.

Turkey is, therefore, in this bewildering dilemma. To follow the path of progress she must have modern education on sound lines. She has no adequate supply of trained teachers. She cannot at present train them herself. She desires to have a modern way of life; but she loathes dependence on foreign help. Her attitude seems to be to take that external help where she is sure of the good will and good faith and efficiency of the helpers. That is what lies behind a speech made (June, 1925) at Constantinople by the former Minister of Education, Hamdulla Subhi Bey, before a meeting of missionaries.

> The Turkish Government is a friend of American schools. We want our children to go to American schools and to learn American culture. There are, however, certain restrictions. Since the Turkish Government has secularized its schools, we expect foreign schools to do the same. Turkey is a nation being born today. She is not facing East as is Persia and Tunis. Rather has she faced in the opposite direction—to the West. It is from your books, your influences, that we have received the ideas that inspire our present effort to establish democracy. Our faces are toward the West. . . .
>
> Ten years ago if a Turk wore a hat on his head instead of a "fez," his head would have been cut off. But today the situation has changed. We have not lightly entered on this road, we have fought for it, planned for it, died for it. And we are determined to go on. . . . You have helped us in the past—your schools will help us in the future!

The restrictions indicated prevent direct Christian instruction. Those restrictions are loyally obeyed by all the missionaries who are at work. The government's attitude is evidently, however, one that welcomes education that will build up character and intelligence—in a

word, that will build up the kind of citizenship that Turkey needs.

5

The question is raised, first, of the contribution that the West can make through education; and, second, of the value or possibility of developing character through education that aims to make youth Christian without being Christians. Can they, in the long run, have the character if they have not the conscious discipleship? The kind of character that is aimed at will be better shown in a few direct vignettes than by mere lists of curricula and descriptions of schools.

A picture comes from a play center under missionary direction on the Cilician Plain in Adana, a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. To the play center come seven hundred and fifty young Turks, with a very small sprinkling of Kurds and Arabs and a few Armenians and Jews.

The boys are fond of swinging, playing checkers, and "soccer" football. Many have a craving for boxing and wrestling, and cannot understand why the missionaries do not allow these sports on the playground, in as much as Britain and America exult in both boxing and wrestling. The reason for the restriction is the lack of self-control. The slightest provocation brings on blows, a violent flow of vile language, and sometimes even a knife, for every boy carries in his big girdle-like belt, or capacious pocket, a knife more often resembling a dagger than a pen- or jack-knife. If they use vile language in the playground, they are "shown the door"; so that now, if any boy

trespasses in that regard, the other boys take it upon themselves to banish him from the playground for the rest of the day.

Many of these Turkish boys of the early and middle teens are interested in discussing religion. The term "Christian" to them does not mean a life of loving service and of forgiving love. It is merely the name of non-Moslems, chiefly Armenians and Greeks, who—the Turkish boys imagine—worship images and sticks in the shape of a cross, and believe in three gods. These Turkish playground boys are surprised and show pleasure at learning that Christians believe in but one God, to whom they can pray directly at any time and in any place. They agree in theory, if not always in practise, that because the same God created all of us, whatever our race or creed, we are all His children and so should live together as brothers.

"The other day," writes the leader at the playground, "a couple of boys began fighting. Soon a third boy stepped up to them and asked, 'Don't you know that the purpose of this place is to teach us how to act and that we are expected to treat one another as brothers?' The fighters responded to the suggestion and soon were playing together peacefully."

We have in this playground a picture of the attempt to create new ideals of character apart from a definite schedule of Christian instruction; although from the description it will be clear that conversation on religious subjects inevitably arises.

Another picture will still further clarify the issue. Both pictures are deliberately taken from the more con-

servative and secluded areas rather than from the great universities in the coast-cities.

Here are girls who live in Brousa, one of the more conservative areas of Turkey, an historical city and an old capital of Turkey. We watch them at the American school, a school that covers the primary, grammar, and high-school grades. They are, for the most part, playing together, a situation that introduces a most drastically new idea into their lives, in some ways the most difficult principle for them to grasp, that of the team-spirit.

We note first a score or more of teen age Turkish Moslem girls in "gym" costumes, alert, erect, with laughing wholesome faces, bright eyes, and sturdy bodies. Here are four enjoying a swift game of tennis, cheered by their friends; there a team playing basket-ball is laughing and leaping; another group is swinging gracefully in a folk dance.

Through a window of the schoolhouse we hear the sound of a piano and violin, recalling to us the nation's very great love of music. A glance at the students' drawings and their embroidery opens up to us a glimpse of their quite passionate love of beauty.

A busy group is setting the dining-room tables, while others put the classrooms in order, and still others are busy with making the house clean and beautiful.

The books these young people are reading open up horizons of ideal and of action, and give knowledge of the fresh young life of other lands.

The Girl Reserve Movement of the Young Women's Christian Association, familiar in all parts of the world, makes a strong appeal to these Moslem girls, with its principles of service, "seeing the beautiful" and "loyalty

to friends," and the thrill of earning honors for health, knowledge, service, and spirit.

It would not be easy to find any picture more vivid in its contrast with the traditional Moslem womanhood and girlhood than this. Turkish girls are usually unable to read; the gossip of the harem is their sole avenue of knowledge; often they are in very delicate health, and always they have no athletic life. Of such girls, a balanced, all-round school life, in which body, mind, spirit, and social relationship are all developed, is making a new type of citizenship for Turkey. No more priceless gift could be made to that land in the face of its problem today.

The conclusion at which we arrive has been concentrated into a single sentence by Dr. F. P. Graves, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, who visited the Near East for the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. He declares:

> If the Near East is ever to solve its problems and to emerge triumphant from its present turmoil and disorder, it will be through the efforts of its own people, rather than through interference from without; and the leaders in this awakening are likely, for the most part, to be young men and women who have been trained in institutions of the type of Robert College, The American University of Beirût, and Constantinople Woman's College.

When Dr. Graves speaks of institutions of that type, he would certainly wish to include the small educational centers, like those from which we have taken illustrations, and the educational work developed with such skill under the Young Men's Christian Association in strategic centers of youth-population, with the hearty ap-

proval of the government. To reinforce that work is a primary responsibility. The demand, however, runs far deeper. Christendom has to do something new if it is to help Turkey to march successfully to her goal. A new attitude is demanded.

Saturated as the Western world is with a century-old distrust of the Turk, a detestation of his historic cruelty, a disdain for his corrupt government, and continual disappointment after promised reform, it is not easy for Western minds to face with confidence the future of Turkey. On the other hand, it is not easy for Turkey to trust the Western nations to be disinterested. In the past the Western nations have rarely done anything to Turkey save to plot against her,—or with her against each other,—and to exploit her for commerce or upbraid her for her evils.

Has the day come for the adventure of a new attitude —a new attitude from both sides? What shall that attitude be? Can we build a bridge? If so, on what foundation?

Shall we describe it colloquially as one of good sportsmanship? To give Turkey wise encouragement in all her good new enterprises. Especially to help her where the West has undoubtedly great and good things to give, as she has supremely in the matter of education for character, in the gift of medicine, and in scientific agriculture. To exercise and expect forbearance in what seem to be blunders. To sustain perseverance in guidance and help where it is called for, and humility in remaining in the background. To exercise faith in the good we can see, hope for the future, and, above all, charity.

CHAPTER SIX

THE INDIAN CARAVANSERAI

I

PACING the deck of an ocean liner, en route for America, a young Moslem merchant from Bombay discussed with the writer Islam in India. This lithe, swift-minded, cultivated business man had been born and bred in that Eastern land and in that ancient faith. Educated in Bombay University, his mind had been fed upon the immortals of English literature and the fountains of Western liberty and modern science—Milton, Burke, Mill, and Herbert Spencer. Yet behind that lay his boyhood, saturated in the traditions of Islam and the teachings of the Koran. In a few days he would be in the swirl and clamor of American city life. New York and Broadway, Chicago, and Denver would give him his first experiences of life in the commercial West and in a Christian country.

When he was asked if he would explain his religious position, he replied, "I think that we should search in all the religions of the world, discover what is best in each of them, and then follow that."

"But what of Mohammed?"

"Mohammed," he replied, "was one of the great prophets of the world. We should take the best of his teaching, the best of the teaching of Jesus, the best of Hinduism, and so on, and obey these."

When he was asked whether, if we did as he sug-

gested, we should not actually discover in the life and teaching of Jesus, as distinguished from the behavior of Christendom, what was essential and true and good in all others, he made no dissent, suspending his judgment on an issue that seemed new to him.

Where he was clear, decisive, and ringing in his judgment was in his fervid nationalism. He was a member of the world-wide Brotherhood of Islam in the liberal sense, though his religious outlook could be distinguished with difficulty from a vague theism, and could not be defended from the strictly Koranic point of view. But he was intensely Indian. He stood for one element in Indian Islam—the progressive, open-minded, educated man in whom West and East are both at work. In him one saw the blend rather than the clash of the two civilizations.

In sharp contrast there came into the mind a vision of those ferocious men at the other end of the amazingly varied moving picture of Moslem India. The barbaric, warlike tribes who, in their rocky, desolate fastnesses on the Northwest Frontier of India, have a fierce devotion to what they understand of Islam. Hook-nosed, lean, crag-loving birds of prey, these human eagles sweep down from their sterile mountains to raid the peaceful prosperous villages over the border and then fly off with their booty. Half a million fighting men they number, most of whom hold in their hands modern rifles. They are tinder to the spark of any Moslem fanatic or pretended Mahdi Messiah. Pan-Islamic and Bolshevik agents move to and fro among them. They assent to no law outside their clan. Their one other touch with the ideas and attitudes of the outer world is when they

limp, or are carried, down the passes to have their bullets extracted and their wounds healed by the heroic doctors and nurses at the Church Missionary Society hospitals at the entrances to the mountain passes, such as Peshawar and Bannu, where Pennell of the Afghan frontier gave his life in daring service among the tribesmen.

Between these fanatic raiders and that cultivated Bombay trader the walls of the caravanserai of Indian Islam embrace many grades of faith and civilization.

No single picture—not even the most vivid panorama of the many-colored moving human scene—can focus for us fully and in true perspective the marvelous Moslem life of India. From Afghanistan on the west to Assam on the east, across these rich hill-lands and plains—the basins of the Indus, the Ganges, and the Brahmaputra, —run two thousand miles of Mohammedanism. Here under the sway at once of nationalism and of Islamism live over sixty-eight million Moslems; a third of the population of the whole world of Islam; more than a fifth of the three hundred and twenty million people of India.

How did they come into India?

What place do they take in India's life?

How do they blend or conflict with the other elements in that seething crucible of modern India?

What do they mean to the rest of the world of Islam; and what does that world mean to them?

What is to be their future?

2

First, how did they come into India?

It seems extraordinarily confusing if you speak with Indian Moslems to find that one claims that he descends from the Arabs, another from the Turks, a third from the Afghans, a fourth from the Persians, while a fifth will be simply Indian in origin. And all are now intensely Indian in feeling, yet of the world-wide Moslem brotherhood.

In the "cruel killing times" when the Danish vikings reddened the northern sky with the flames of Saxon London, Mahmud, "Smasher of Idols" and Lord of Afghanistan (A.D. 997-1030), surged down the Khyber Pass into India.[1] His warriors' cry of "Allah-hu-Akbar!" (God is great) echoing in the hot defiles, under the fluttering pennons of the crescent, heralded the coming of Islam into India. Stupendous loot lured them irresistibly, and, like a bull in a china-shop, Mahmud smashed and looted India; but he built nothing.

Mohammed of Ghor followed with thirty years of fighting that left his Islamic empire straddling across North India for fifteen hundred miles, from Peshawar to the Bay of Bengal.

The story of the following centuries is one of cruel invasion and tyranny punctuated by despairing revolt, culminating in the ghastly tortures of the Tartar Timur-lane, that ended in desolation.

Then Babar, the Tartar Lion, came down from the arid wastes of Central Asia in 1526 and seized the whole

[1] There was, however, a Moslem conquest in India even earlier, when Qasim, in 712 A.D., subdued Sindh, which has remained a Moslem province ever since that time.

chaos in his powerful, molding hands. He made his empire stretch from Central Asia to Bengal. His grandson, Akbar the Great—a superb genius—was the only Moslem ruler in India who ever tried to rule by winning instead of by terrifying the governed. A cultivated man,—Persian was the language of his court,—he invited Christians and Zoroastrians, Moslems and Hindus, to discuss with him the merits of their religions.

Akbar's successors were incessantly fighting. Nevertheless, under these Mogul Moslem emperors a noble renaissance of architecture flourished. They built the most opulent palaces and the most gorgeous tombs on the planet. Of these, the best known are: the Taj Mahal, "planned by Titans and completed by jewelers," whose architect's eyes Shah Jehan put out lest he should build another tomb as beautiful; the Pearl Mosque at Agra, perhaps the most exquisitely lovely house of worship in the world; the marble palace at Delhi, more than a mile in circuit; and the Delhi Mosque, by far the most splendid in all Islam. But beside all this grandeur of kings, the common people festered in famine-stricken hovels.

One day, in 1599, a man who had sailed six thousand miles, from an island beyond the edge of the world, came into the presence of Akbar the Great, his sword at his side, his plumed hat in his hand. He was Sir John Mildenhall, from the court of Queen Elizabeth of England. He came asking permission for London merchants to trade in India. Permission was granted. Trade developed rapidly. But chaos and incessant civil war were tearing the country to shreds. Soon the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, and the British struggled for supremacy. Then Britain gradually took control. In 1858

GIRLS OF SIX NATIONS FROM THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION CAMP NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE, WHO PASSED THE RED CROSS LIFE SAVING TESTS. BELOW, SCHOOLBOYS IN TEHRAN, PERSIA.

© *Ewing Galloway*

TURKISH WOMEN MAY NOW BE SEEN FREQUENTLY IN PUBLIC PLACES WITHOUT THE FACE VEIL, ALTHOUGH MANY OF THEM CLING TO THE OLD TYPE OF STREET DRESS.

Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. The British Empire has contained, from that hour, more Moslems than any other state.

Meanwhile, the Moslems continually increased in numbers in India, chiefly in the north and northwest. They are very unevenly distributed. The Punjab, for instance, where the Islamic invasions debouched upon India, is essentially Moslem. Of the population of the Punjab fifty-three per cent are Moslem and thirty-eight per cent Hindu. In East Bengal the Moslem population is again in the majority—fifty-eight per cent as against thirty-seven per cent Hindu. Here, however, is not a question of the conquering Mohammedanism, but of Hindus converted in mass movements from the lower grades of Hinduism. The old pride is lacking; and the illiteracy of the Bengali Moslem is great. In Bengal proper only eighteen per cent are Moslem, against seventy-seven per cent Hindu; in the United Provinces it is fourteen per cent Moslem; in Bombay, twenty per cent; in Madras, only six per cent. In the Deccan—the plateau and hills of Central India—and in the South the Moslems are few. Hyderabad, with its great ruler, the Nizam, is, however, a very strong South Indian Moslem center. Karachi, too, the port city on the west, where men land from Mesopotamia and Arabia, has over one hundred thousand Moslems and is strategically important as a Moslem port of call.

No map of the Moslem world can truly convey the importance or multitude of Indian Islam. For example, concentrate the telescope for a moment on Bengal. On the map of India it is but a province of the size of Idaho on the map of the United States. Yet there are more

Moslems in Bengal alone than in all Arabia, Egypt, and Persia put together; viz., 25,486,000, or over thirty-five per cent of the total number of Moslems in India. The total population of Bengal is 47,000,000. The fact that while more than half of Bengal is Moslem, 594,000 Hindus and only 131,000 Moslems can read English, is a picture of the relative neglect by the Moslems of modern schools.

It is astonishing to find such enormous numbers of Moslems in Bengal so far from the northwest, the frontier of Moslem invasion. The reason is as follows. At the time of the Mohammedan invasion, the Bengalis were largely followers of a low form of animistic Buddhism and were not thoroughly Hinduized. The caste Hindus spurned them as unclean. The Moslem mullahs came to these folk, preaching that all Moslem men are equal in the sight of Allah. Thus, to become Moslems lifted them in the scale. This appealed to the Bengali. So there were great mass movements to Islam. The Afghan kings added compulsion to the mullah's persuasions. They also levied a poll-tax on "infidels." If a man was a Mohammedan, he did not pay the tax. This made it cheaper to be a Moslem. One of the most striking contrasts within Indian Islam is between the milder eastern Moslems converted from Hinduism and the tall, violent, fighting Northwest Pathan, who is a representative of the original, dominating, fanatical, Moslem rule.

By the old process of conversion under the threat of the scimitar, by invasion itself, by the absorption of blocks of Hindus, and by actual conversion, Islam has grown continuously across North India to its present enormous strength.

3

What place, then, do the Moslems now take in India's life? Looking first at the fierce Moslem peoples that hang on the northwestern flank of India in rocky Afghanistan, we discover the most dramatic yet unavailing of all the struggles for reform and progress in the Moslem world of today.

His Majesty, the Amir Amanullah Khan, looking across Persia and Iraq to Turkey and Egypt from his sun-smitten, rocky, turbulent land, conceived, in 1920, the audacious idea of a far-reaching program of reform and progress among his wild Afghans. He arrayed himself in the trousers, coat, and hat of the West, and invited his subjects to do the same. But his human material was stubborn. He tightened the hand of central government on the local officials. He explored ways of more efficient taxation. He tried to enforce conscription to strengthen the country's army, as opposed to the multitude of tribal gangs of warriors. He attempted to institute secular education and law.

The very heart of Islam, however, has always been that the rules of Allah spoken through Mohammed are the law of the land. You cannot have secular education and secular rule in a Moslem land without cutting across the whole system. So the mullahs, the priests of Islam, preached and fumed and inflamed the tribesmen, who were already irritated at the taxation and conscription reforms. In 1924 an army of six thousand rebels gathered, and they defeated the Amir's forces again and again. The rebels even marched on the capital itself. The Amir managed, however, to dissipate the rebellion. But the

effect of the uprising was so strong that in 1925 the Amir withdrew his new administrative code and restored Mohammedan law. His bold adventure in reform had failed. Fierce intolerance blazed up anew; and some harmless followers of the Ahmadiya sect were stoned to death publicly as heretics.

Alongside Afghanistan lies Baluchistan, with its kindred but rather less fanatical and ferocious folk. The contacts of these areas with Western civilization may be suggested by the fact that when an English doctor, of the Church Missionary Society working in Quetta, drove to the Baluchistan frontier recently in his Ford, the hospitable villagers, having never seen an automobile, brought bundles of hay and set them down in front of its unresponsive hood! A jar of water met with a warmer reception from the radiator of the Ford.

Moving down the rocky passes of the mountains into the hill-lands and the vast plains of North India, we meet there scores of millions of Moslems—men and women, boys and girls—in cities and villages. They are listening to the call from their thousands of minarets, chaffering in their bazaars, thronging the streets, hidden in their harems, repeating the Koran in their schools—a medley of varying human beings with contradictory qualities—proud and passionate, ignorant and fanatical, dignified and hospitable, studious and devout, patriotic and rebellious.

Passing through an Indian bazaar in some city like Murshidabad or Lucknow, when the shadows are long and the sun has gone below the roof-tops, suddenly out of the air comes the chanted call:

Come to prayer!
God is great!
I witness there is no God but Allah!

The men are turning in at the gates of the mosque courtyard, where the fountain water tinkles in the basin ready to wash them for the silent service of prayer. The murmur of the prayers rises. Then the men go to their homes for the evening meal. They stride through the crowd, bearded, often of taller physique than the Hindu, dignified, with the air of men who thank Allah they are not as these idolaters. Yet the high-caste Brahmin, in turn, draws away with equal pride from the Moslem, lest he be contaminated by contact with a cruel, blasphemous eater of the sacred cow.

That call, those prayers, the sense of separateness from the idolater, this consciousness of membership in the House of Islam, run as a unifying bond all across India from Afghanistan to Assam. The Moslems are also united in the fact that Indian Islam speaks, for the most part, one language—Hindustani, or more properly Urdu.

Yet across the unity of Islam again cuts the bewildering diversity even among the peoples of the great inner world of India. In some areas, in Kashmir, for example, they form an overwhelming proportion of the population but are under the rule of a small Hindu aristocracy. In other parts, as in Hyderabad, the Moslem goes proudly among his Hindu neighbors, the Hindu subjects of a Moslem prince.

One of the influences that has diversified Indian Islam within itself and also made it different in some ways from the outer world of Islam is Hinduism. The low-

class Moslem father in Bengal asks the Hindu Pundit to find and fix the lucky date for his son's wedding. Anti-smallpox and cholera gods and goddesses of the Hindus are worshiped by such Moslems during epidemics. You may go to a Moslem cowherd's wedding in the Central Provinces and the marriage ceremony is performed in the Hindu way, but at the end the Moslem ecclesiastic comes in and repeats some Islamic prayers. On the other hand, Hindu peasants keep the Moslem Shia feast of Muharram.

Another form of popular Islam in India, found also in other Moslem countries, is the worship by the ignorant masses of the tombs of *pirs*, or saints. It is the saint's spirit in the tomb which cures disease, gives children to the childless, helps the hunter. The mother brings some hair or clothing from her baby as a thank-offering for the child; the hunter presents the horns of the deer. All this is in flat contradiction to the orthodox Islam of Mohammed.

Simultaneously Islam in India has affected Hinduism. All through Moslem India Hindu women, like their Moslem sisters, live in purdah; i.e., "behind the curtain." They live hidden behind the walls of their home or move out into the streets veiled; though this does not apply, of course, to the outcastes. Opinions differ as to the cause for this. It is probably partly the sheer self-protection of the Hindu woman in the old days against the Moslem man; and partly imitation of the custom of the dominant race all through the eight centuries of Moslem rule in India. A curious paradox in life arises in India from the force of the idea that Allah has ordered everything and that all the happenings of life are already fixed

by Him. On the one hand, this steadies the spirit. When plague was slaying its thousands in India recently, the Hindus fled in panic from their villages and towns, often leaving their wives or children or parents to die alone. The Mohammedans, however, stuck to their homes. "Kismet!" they said. Allah had already fixed the time of their death. There is a dignity here that all must reverence. Curiously enough, the Moslem immunity from disease was actually said to be greater than that of the Hindus.

On the other hand, however, this feeling of "Kismet," this acceptance of all that comes—disease and disaster—as of the Will of Allah, has deadened in the millions of Indian Islam, as it has in varying degrees everywhere, the nerve of endeavor. All effort, for instance, to fight plague by isolation and by destroying rats that carry it is a blasphemous and futile effort to alter the course of Fate. This has created in the great body of Indian Islam a sodden inertia.

Here lies the secret source of the fact that Moslem civilization has not tried to conquer and command the forces of nature—which conquest is the source of all the advance of Western civilization.

Another strength of Islam in India, as in other Moslem lands, is its insistence in the House of God on the absolute equality of all. A visitor in an old mosque that was used in the days of Mogul rule asked his guide, "What portion was reserved for the Nawab and his family?" The Moslem guide exploded with wrath. "What! A place for the Nawab in the House of Allah! He stood by the common street beggar."

The color bar—and often, in practise, the wealth or

class bar—within the Christian Church strikes such a Moslem as an evidence that Christendom does not in practise equal Islam in this vital respect of equality before God. This Islamic equality in the mosque is, however, consistent with the most absolute tyranny in the affairs of the state.

The Indian Moslem is not thoroughly orthodox in the sense that he limits his religious belief and its expression in worship to the strict letter of the cold dogmatic creed of Islam. More and more Mohammed is coming to take the place in Islam that Christ holds in Christianity. Beautiful hymns are sung to Mohammed. "Ya Nabi [O Prophet], intercede for me before Allah on the judgment day and have my sins forgiven!" is a common theme of such hymns. They are sung with enthusiasm and devotion on the birthday and the "ascension day" of Mohammed, which the orthodox naturally condemn as an imitation of the Christians. The subject-matter of the hymns is a contradiction of strict Islam. And singing itself is forbidden in the Koran. Yet the singing of these hymns does, perhaps, more than anything else to stir and unite the soul of Moslem India.

4

What, then, do the Moslems of India mean to the rest of the world, and what does that world mean to them? The Indian Moslem is not simply living in India. Hundreds of thousands of Indian Moslems live across the seas, from Africa to Fiji, or in Mesopotamia. The study of Indian Islam transports us, first, to the seaboard of East and South and Northwest Africa, for a great

number of the hundreds of thousands of Indians in Africa are Moslems. In Zanzibar, in Kenya Colony, in Natal, and in the Dominion of South Africa, in the cities, the country towns, and at small trading stations, the Indian Moslem is the small trader, the seller of practically all the things that the African wants to buy from the outside world.

These Indians were first brought into Natal in South Africa in large numbers, as indentured laborers, by the white sugar-planters. This began in 1860. After the expiration of their indentures, many stayed as free laborers, and this clientele attracted Indian shop-keepers. The Indians spread to the Transvaal and became formidable competitors of the white trader. This, with the popular white fear of the submergence of Western civilization under an Asiatic flood, led to the exclusion of Indian immigrants in an Act of 1913. Canada, similarly, closed her doors to immigrants from India. This South African Act had stupendous consequences. For it was in South Africa itself and following this Act that Mahatma Gandhi began his passive resistance policy which was destined, by its growth, to create the Swaraj movement in India.[2] Today there are 141,000 Indians in Natal—an increase of six per cent in ten years—as compared with 137,000 Europeans—an increase of forty per cent. In the Transvaal there are only 16,000 Indians as compared with 543,000 Europeans. The race feeling, however, in South Africa, on the part of the whites against the Asiatics and the Africans, is as intense as in any part of the world, if not more so. This has an inflaming influence on the minds of Indians in India.

[2] For further treatment see *The Clash of Color*, Chaps. IV and V.

In Kenya Colony—governed from the Colonial Office in London—there are 23,000 Indians and as many as 10,000 Arabs as against 9,700 Europeans. The establishment of a European majority on the Legislative Council as against this Indian majority in population still further fomented Indian opinion.

In Madagascar, again, under the French Government, you may see processions of Shia Indian Moslems shouting and weeping at the Muharram fast over the death of Hussein.

Leaping right across Africa, we are met by a still newer and astonishing growth of Moslem Indian on the Atlantic Coasts of Northwest Africa. At Dakar, at Accra, and especially at Lagos—the British port of Nigeria—are important groups; and they have penetrated even as far as the enormous market of Kano.[3] In these places many of the Indian Moslems are spreading among the Africans the ferment of Swaraj. The name of Gandhi and his doctrines are on the lips of Nigerian, Gold Coast, and other Negro groups. Simultaneously, in 1921 an Indian Moslem, Abd ul-Rahim-Nayyar, introduced the Ahmadiya[4] movement in Lagos and preached its doctrine in Abeikuta, in Sokoto, and in Kano with considerable success in securing adherents among the Negroes. They thus link up in their minds the Home Rule and Anti-Western domination attitude of Gandhi with the Mahdi-Messiah outlook of the Ahmadiya. This is a combination that may obviously have violent explosive results if it develops rapidly and widely and strikes deep roots in spite of the fact that the Ahmadiya move-

[3] See Chapter Three.
[4] See later pages in this chapter.

ment, which we shall examine later in this chapter, is itself peaceful in its doctrines.

It is Indian Islam also that has built the mosques and that finances the able propaganda at Woking in England, and at Berlin.

5

So the Indian Moslem, whether in India or outside, also lifts his eyes to the world of Islam of which he is a part. But as they look out on that wider world of Islam, Indian Moslems have watched political Islam being torn to pieces. As the Balkan States threw off the yoke of Islam, and as Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripolitania, and Egypt passed one by one out of the control of Turkey into the hands of France, Italy, and Britain, the despondency of Moslem India grew. This dejection blended with resentment of the rising tide of Christian and white domination. Turkey—and in particular Constantinople, with the Caliph-Sultan—became to the more keenly educated Indian Moslem the last pillar of the political House of Islam. During the War hundreds of thousands of Indian Moslems fought on all fronts—European, African, and Asiatic—on the side of Britain. At Constantinople the Caliph sent out as from his minaret the muezzin call to the *jihad*—the Holy War—against the infidel. The sound barely carried to the ears of Indian Islam; it was drowned by the nearer call of their own ruling princes in India and of the British bugles. And as the Caliph was allied with the "infidel" Central Powers against the infidel Western allies, the Indian Moslem soldier smiled in his beard at the *jihad*.

In the War the Indian Moslem soldier did hear another muezzin call—sounded from America in the war aims of President Wilson. It was the call to a Holy War for self-determination, for home rule. President Wilson was thinking principally of Serbia, of Czechoslovakia, of Poland, and the rest—in a word, Europe. But the Indian Moslem was thinking of India. So he identified self-determination with Swaraj, the Indian movement for home rule.

At the end of the War the Indian Moslem soldier went back to his town and his village, a hero of strange doings in this great conflict across the Black Waters. He spread the thoughts of Swaraj. The curtain went up on the stupendous spiritual and political miracle-play in which Mahatma Gandhi has been the master-spirit.[5]

When the further dismemberment of Turkey began in the Peace Conference at Versailles, two vehement brothers, leading Indian Moslems who were educated in the West—Mohammed and Shaukat Ali—raised the cry to Indian Islam, "Save the Caliphate." The "Satanic" powers of the West were robbing the Caliph, they said, of the holy places—Mecca and Medina, Jerusalem and Damascus.

British Ministers of State took it seriously. Mahatma Gandhi threw his mantle over the movement. Great joint demonstrations took place between the Non-cooperation and the Caliphate movements. The gospel of non-resistance went arm in arm with the militant religion of the Arabian Prophet. The united slogan was invented of *Hindu-Musulman ki jai*—Victory to Hindu-Moslem unity. The agitation was capitalized by Mustapha Kemal

[5] For the story see *The Clash of Color*. Pp. 94-98.

at Lausanne, and it had a real effect in making Turkey dominant in dictating the Treaty of Peace.

The crowning touch of farce was still to come. A monster Caliphate meeting was organized at Delhi to welcome an official delegation from Turkey. At that very moment a telegram arrived saying that the Angora Grand National Assembly had abolished the Caliphate, and had thrown the Caliph headlong out of Turkey into exile.

Never was more imposing bubble more dramatically pricked—and pricked by the Turkish Moslem friends of the Indian Moslem bubble-blowers. The bubble was gone, but the racial and religious hate it had produced remained. Indeed, it was in some ways intensified.

Gandhi had cried aloud throughout the Caliphate agitation, "Obey God and not Cæsar!" God, in this case, standing for the Caliph's rule, and Cæsar for the British Government. Chaos reigned in the camp when it turned out to be not the "Satanic" British, but the Moslem Cæsar, Mustapha Kemal, and the Turkish National Assembly that dethroned the Caliph, the Moslem vicegerent of God. So Gandhi's cry became a sword that cut the hand that held it. In any case, the fight for the Caliph was worse than lost.

Hindu-Moslem unity crashed to pieces. Today Hindu-Moslem antagonism is the most tragic wound in the body of India. We need now to look into the causes of this present-day conflict of Indian Islam with the Hindu India.

6

The conflict is due to the fact that in India Islam exists in a Hindu environment under a non-Moslem rule.

One thing presses in upon the young Indian Moslem every day as he walks by the banks of the Ganges at Benares and watches the thousands of Hindus bathing in the sacred river to wash away their sins; or as he is forced to move aside in the bazaar as a sacred cow gently noses her way along; or as he sees the crowds in Calcutta going to the blood-stained courtyard of the goddess Kali. It is that he is in a land where his own faith is a foreign importation. Another and far more ancient faith than his own has grown from the very soil of India, has struck its mighty roots deep and wide, and has thrust its fibers into every nook and cranny of the life of the people. That faith, that system of life, is Hinduism.

It would be difficult to conceive two mighty communities, living side by side in one land, yet more absolutely conflicting in their religion, their history, their social structure, and their attitudes than are the Moslem and the Hindu.

The Hindus are polytheists, their temples containing thousands of idols of the different incarnations of deity; the Moslems are idol-smashing monotheists. Hinduism refuses to take in any people from outside; whereas Islam is militant in its proselytizing methods beyond any religion on earth. The Hindus are graded into iron divisions of caste; the Moslems are, religiously, an absolute brotherhood. The Hindus venerate the sacred cow; the Moslems eat beef—a friction point that creates perhaps more actual conflict than all the others. The Hindus have a long memory of submission to successive conquerors; the Moslems never forget that from the mighty throne at Delhi their emperors once held absolute rule over all India.

The chasm between these two communities goes down to fathomless depths of difference. The whole future of India, as we shall see, depends upon whether that chasm can be permanently bridged. Today volcanic fires are burning there with daily increasing intensity and explosive effect. It is one of the most alarming and dramatic scenes in the whole world of Islam.

We shall face the fundamental problem of the Indian Moslem in its sharpest, most challenging form if we try to follow him when he asks himself in this situation, "Where shall be my patriotism—my final loyalty?"

"I am an Indian, first," he says. "I want Swaraj. I want to see India free from the rule of the British; India governing herself.

"If Britain goes, however, what government shall we Indians set up? If it is representative government, it will be Hindu government, for we are a minority. There are four Hindus to one Moslem. That is impossible for me to accept. My fathers ruled India. What, then, are the alternatives?

"We Moslems," he proceeds, "have proposed a governmental constitution based on community-representation; i.e., that each group—Moslem, Hindu, Christian, Sikh, and so on—should be represented *as a group* in the central and provincial governments. Our suggestion provides for a balance by which the Moslems would hold power. The Hindus, however, are furiously opposed to that. They say that we Moslems would once more impose the military despotism of the old Moguls; and that we are the most illiterate community in India; which is true.

"We will not, either as Moslem or Hindu, allow the

British to go on ruling. But neither Moslem nor Hindu will allow the other to rule. And we cannot agree together. What, then, can we do?"

That is as far as he has gone, or can go at present, in thought in India today. He therefore lifts his eyes beyond the frontiers of India and says:

"Yes, but I am a member of the House of Islam all over the world. If I follow the principle of obeying God and not Cæsar, that means, in this situation, 'Be a Moslem before you are an Indian.' For me, then, allegiance to Islam is patriotism. But where is the center for my loyalty? For that same House of Islam is divided against itself. The Turk has thrown out the Caliph, who was the symbol of our unity. And no unity under a modernized Caliph is so far agreed upon. We have no Islamic League of Nations."

And that is as far as he has gone, or can go at present, in the world of Islam. It is for this reason that he watches with the intensest interest the proposals that are being made for an Islamic League of Nations, built around a modernized Caliphate.

The Indian Moslem is thus at a double *impasse*. His loyalty is at once Indian and Islamic, and in both places he is faced by antagonisms and divisions.

Obviously, the Indian Moslem's failure to find a clear path in either Pan-Islamism or in home rule strengthens the hand of Britain in India. There is no clear alternative to British rule in sight. But no Englishman worthy of the name, who loves India and wills the good of the Indian peoples, can rejoice at the *impasse* which this Hindu-Moslem rivalry creates. It is the very denial of all progress. As *The Statesman*, which represents cen-

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MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA (CENTER), PRESIDENT OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC, AND HIS CABINET SET THE EXAMPLE FOR THEIR PEOPLE IN THE ADOPTION OF WESTERN MODES OF DRESS.

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NOW THAT TURKISH WOMEN ARE FAST DISCARDING THEIR ANCESTRAL COSTUMES FOR WESTERN STYLES, SUCH A CORNER AS THIS IN CONSTANTINOPLE TAKES ON THE APPEARANCE OF ANY OTHER EUROPEAN CITY.

tral British opinion in India, says: "The idea that Hindu-Moslem dissension has its good points because it brings into relief the necessity for British rule is one that each of us should, in so far as it invades us, seek to be rid of."

The dramatic and tragic story of how the attempts to establish Hindu-Moslem unity failed and how the conflicts grew to their present intensity is as follows:

Already, in 1921-22, the ferocious Moslem Moplahs of the Malabar Coast made a savage onslaught on the Hindu population, plundering, slaughtering, and ravishing—with the old alternative of embracing Islam at the point of the sword. This outbreak was of high importance, for it revealed to the Hindu like a lightning flash the momentarily forgotten fanaticism of the fighting Moslem. Riots and outbreaks between Hindu and Moslem flamed up between March and September, 1923, in a dozen centers in different parts of India, accompanied by murder, fire, and looting.

The Moslems would deliberately go and kill a cow in the face of the Hindus on a Hindu festival day. The Hindus would get together a raucous band and, with trumpets and cymbals, play loud music during Ramadan outside the mosque to drown the preaching of the mullah and disturb the prayers of the faithful. Curses were shrieked; blows began; knives were drawn; from the shelter of shuttered houses guns were fired; in a flash there was a flame of riot and murder that taxed every power of the Government to quench. These outbreaks were local volcanic eruptions revealing the hidden fiery turmoil beneath the surface.

Each side now began to gird itself for defense and offense. The Hindus developed a "reclamation" (*shud-*

dhi) movement to bring back to the Hindu fold some communities Moslem in name but, for the most part, Hindu in practise. Specially equipped passionate young Hindus of the Arya Somaj go into Moslem areas to bring back lapsed Hindus. This is just one activity of a wider Hindu movement, with the general title of *Sangathan*, which aims at vitalizing Hinduism and organizing the community in opposition to all threats. The *Sangathan* movement significantly has a large gymnastic and athletic program, a quite new feature in an Indian movement.

In direct opposition to this the Moslems of India in 1924 organized the *Tanzim* movement. Its objects are to enlarge the Moslem community by conversion from other creeds, to organize the Islamic brotherhood in protection of its interests, and to resist all attempts at reclaiming Moslems into Hinduism.

The great leaders of the Swaraj (Home Rule) movement toiled to build a political bridge over the gulf. If they failed, Swaraj was doomed, for they recognized that as long as the gulf exists Indian unity is impossible. A Hindu-Moslem pact, agreed upon in Bengal at the end of 1923, arranged for proportional representation in all offices. Representation to local bodies was to be as sixty to forty—sixty to whatever community was in the majority in the locality. Of all Government posts fifty-five per cent should go to Mohammedans. A roar of protest, however, went up from Hindus of every shade all over the land and at the Indian National Congress the pact was decisively rejected.

The greater part of the press on the Moslem and the Hindu sides in 1924 opened all the bilge-cocks of abuse and sprayed each other with indescribable scurrility.

There are no less than two hundred and twenty-two Moslem periodicals in India. Even Mohammed Ali appealed to the British Government to repress the press. Terrible Moslem-Hindu eruptions took place in July, August, and September in ten widely scattered areas.

Up on the Northwest Frontier of India at the city of Kohat the match was put into the powder factory by the Hindus publishing a virulent Anti-Islamic poem in the autumn of 1924. A number of Moslems went to the mosque and swore to divorce their wives—a most binding oath—if vengeance was not theirs. The British deputy-commissioner promised suitable punishment of the Hindus. The Hindus, however, seeing a crowd of Moslem small boys shouting insults at the Hindus, rushed into their quarter, barricaded their shops, and blindly fired into the streets, killing one boy and wounding others. Riot and fires followed. The Hindus flung burning acid in the faces of Moslems. The town became a confused mass of flames, smoke, and crowds where rioters, police, troops, and constabulary were inextricably mixed in an uproarious turmoil.

A hundred and fifty Indians lay killed and wounded. Hundreds of houses were burned to the ground. Wild Afridi, Orazkai, and Bizoti tribesmen rushed down from the mountains to loot the distracted city. Ruthless massacre of every Hindu would have followed. But the British troops held them back. The Hindu population fled in terror from the city of death to Rawalpindi, and in 1926 had only begun to creep timidly back. The reverberation of this explosion echoed throughout India.

Men everywhere asked, "How can we find a way out of this hideous *impasse?*" Gandhi gave a characteristic

lead. He began a three weeks' fast in penance for his responsibility for the way in which his campaign had fomented bitter feelings. His friends, alarmed lest his fast should prove fatal in his frail state of health, besought him to discontinue it. Seeing that he would not, they proceeded to call a Unity Conference. Hindus, Moslems, Parsees, Sikhs, and Christians, including the Metropolitan Bishop of the Anglican Church in India, met at Delhi. Yet even the leaders of the Moslems and the Hindus at the Conference broke out into dissension.

At last, at the cost of infinite patience and labor, resolutions were accepted, laying down a basis for approaching the problem. The principles accepted were as follows. It is improper for anyone to take the law into his own hands when his religious principles are affronted. Differences must be referred to arbitration; failing that, to the courts. Universal toleration of religious beliefs and freedom of expression and practise were proclaimed. On cow-killing—perhaps the crucial question—the Hindus were told that it cannot be stopped by force; the Moslems pledged themselves to do all they could to reduce the number of cows slaughtered. The practise of disturbing worship by rival music and calls to prayer was deprecated. An All-India Panchayat (Council) of fifteen persons—Christian and Sikh as well as Hindu and Moslem—was formed to create local united Panchayats for conciliation. Nothing was accomplished, however, and the Delhi Unity Conference seemed futile. It has, however, laid down the lines on which any solution must be sought.

The bitterness still remained. In the All-India Moslem League Congress in Bombay in 1925, the speakers vehe-

mently attacked the *Shuddhi* and *Sangathan* movements of the Hindus; the *Tanzim* movement of the Moslems was defended as a just retort to the Hindu aggression. They deplored the tendencies of the two communities to attack one another and expressed readiness to unite in a program of political advance, but pressed for stronger Moslem organization to secure solidarity.

The fiercest of all these conflicts broke out in Calcutta on Good Friday, 1926. A Moslem Day of Worship synchronized with the birthday of the Arya Samaj which is the leading element in the Hindu missionary effort to reclaim Moslemized Hindus.

The Samajists, celebrating their birthday, refused to stop playing music outside a mosque crowded with Moslems at prayer. Music at worship is forbidden by Mohammed. Moslems rushed out and began fighting. Samajists dashed into the mosque. Moslem reinforcements came up in thousands. The human rabbit-warren of alleys seethed with hand-to-hand fighting. Stones and brickbats, staves and knives, were used to slay scores of people and at least five hundred were injured. The Fire Brigade had to cope with over seventy fires.

The battle lulled in the evening, but broke out again on the next day. Military forces were called in; all northern Calcutta was like a city of the dead. The Moslems attacked the famous temple of Kali, the spouse of Shiva and patron goddess of Calcutta. The civil police could not cope with the affair; British troops were called out and without bloodshed cleared and patrolled the streets. Indians who desire peace for commerce and personal security are now asking, "What saves the millions of Moslems and Hindus of Islamic India from the hor-

rors of massacre and civil war except the British authorities that stopped the Kohat and Calcutta outbreaks?"

This fear of civil war is actually envisaged by Mahatma Gandhi himself. In *Young India* for September 24, 1925, he threw up the sponge in despair. Writing of the Hindu-Moslem conflicts and the organization of each side against the other, he clearly forecast the probability of prolonged communal conflict.

"Times have changed since the Delhi meeting. Parties are just now better organized for quarrels than for settlement. No doubt they will finally meet. But it seems that they will do so *only after they have finished with the arbitrament of the sword.* I think I know my limitations and believe that I shall serve the cause of peace by remaining away from all intervention in communal disputes."

A tiny incident may suggest a truth that affects a continent. Such a window into this whole question is suggested in a story from Lahore in the days of these risings. A Hindu, dressed in English clothes, was riding in a railway carriage. At a station several Mohammedans came up and threatened him.

"I am not a Hindu," he exclaimed, "I am a Christian!" He said afterward, "I was saved through claiming to be a Christian, and now I am really going to become one." A leading citizen, a Hindu, declared at this time, "We shall never come to the end of these quarrels until we all become Christians."

"Until we all become Christians." That would seem in face of the titanic system of Islam and Hinduism to be infinitely remote. The very idea would never even have crossed the mind of an Indian a few years ago,

when the ancient systems were unbroken and inviolate. But those days have passed. Changes are creeping in, and in the consciousness of the people there is a groping for new solutions of India's national problems.

7

What, then, are these movements that are beginning to stir even the vast, inert caravanserai of Indian Islam?

Moslems in India have held their robes back from all spiritual and modernizing and political forces introduced by British administration, by Christian missionaries, and by Western civilization. Of all great groupings in the tangled human scene of India, the Moslems remained and still are the most ignorant. Today in India the proportion of people able to read is: for Christian men, thirty-two per cent; Hindus, fifteen per cent; Moslems, eight per cent; for Christian women, eighteen per cent; Hindu women, one and a half per cent; Moslem women, half of one per cent. So the Indian Moslems were the last to thrill to the new stimulus. Suddenly, with the rush of the new political movements on the heels of a stirring of renaissance in Hinduism, the Moslem leaders awoke to the remoteness from life and the lack of education of their people.

A brilliant and courageous Moslem, Sir Syed Ahmed Khan (1817-1898), leaped into the arena in Delhi and Aligarh. He urged the youth of Islam to become scholars. He pressed this need of social reform. He stood for the grafting of Western arts and science with Eastern culture. He made the orthodox Moslem dovecotes flutter by mingling freely with English society and

dining with British ladies and gentlemen in their homes. He urged education of girls. "Do not meddle," he said, "in revolutionary politics, but thankfully recognize the advantage the British Government gives to the Moslems of India by her peace and her toleration of all. The Koran is as inspired as the Bible—no more and no less. In each there is a human and a divine element." "Reason alone is a sufficient guide," was a favorite saying of his. "Islam is the only rationalistic religion," he said, "because its founder claims no miraculous powers."

Sir Syed Ahmed Khan's liberal rationalism has continued to influence educated Indian Islam. He founded at Aligarh, in 1875, a residential college where professors from Europe and Moslem teachers, both Sunni and Shia, taught. That college in India is today the outstanding pillar of liberal Islam in the world, just as Al Azhar University at Cairo is the pillar of orthodox conservatism. Sir Syed Ahmed Khan was a "universalist" in that he saw good in all faiths and complete supremacy in none. The leaders of his college at Aligarh, like their colleagues in England at the Woking mosque, are still liberal, but vigorously Islamic.

Harder, more dogmatic and vehement voices have arisen, men like Syed Amir Ali. The weakness of Christianity, they say, is that it sets up an impossible ideal. Islam takes man where he is, gives him limited but severe practicable aims, and tells him in detail how to go about achieving them. The outstanding picture of the view is expressed in Syed Amir Ali's book, *The Spirit of Islam.* In this he writes:

"The Islam of Mohammed, with its stern discipline and its severe morality, has proved itself the only practical

religion for low natures, to save them from drifting into lawless materialism. It is probable, however, that should the creed of the Arabian Prophet receive acceptance among European communities, much of the rigid formalism which has been imparted to it by the lawyers of Central Asia and Iraq will have to be abandoned."

Syed Amir Ali stands with Sir Syed Ahmed Khan for his rationalism; but against him for his toleration of Christianity.

There is, however, another powerful school—the vehement political Moslems of the type of Mohammed Ali, one of the leaders of the Caliphate agitation. They are as rationalistic as Sir Syed Ahmed Khan was, but they throw overboard his political toleration. They pursue an incessant crusade for the political ambitions of Indian Islam.

Another movement, however, is almost precisely opposite. It is the Ahmadiya movement, which has become of world-wide importance. The story of its growth is, in brief, as follows:

Mirza Ghulam Ahmed was born in the village of Qadian in the Punjab in 1839, a man of high Mogul ancestry from Central Asia. Like Joseph in the Old Testament, he had, from the days of his youth, strange dreams and visions, in which he himself always took an eminent place. In 1891, at the age of fifty-two, he made the slightly startling announcement that he was in one and the same person the Christian Messiah, the Mahdi, expected by the Moslems, and the ultimate Hindu incarnation. A sect of followers developed. Their small numbers are no indication of the influence of the movement. A weakling, subject from youth to diabetes and dizziness,

this turbaned, black-bearded, sallow-faced Indian of Tartar ancestry was a formidable dialectician. His delusions were undoubtedly honest. He aroused widespread discussion on his Messiahship. As a result, men turned to ask what, after all, were to be the characteristics of the Messiah, and to discuss the person of Jesus Christ.

An even more widespread and recent influence in this same direction has, curiously enough, arisen around the vehement controversy over the personality of Mahatma Gandhi. His references to his own dependence on the Gospels for guidance and the universal comparison of his personality with that of Jesus Christ have been and are being discussed wherever the spirit of nationalism has spread. Merchants and buyers in Moslem bazaars and mosque courtyards, women in the harems, and students in the universities and schools have talked of the Person of Jesus. Not only so, but the atmosphere is sympathetic, for it is the parallel between the personalities and the extent to which the Mahatma has taken his principles from Jesus that hold the attention. It is undoubtedly true that the person of Christ holds a place in the mind of Moslem India such as He has never held before and possibly such as He does not hold in any other part of the Moslem world.

The changes in the life of girlhood and womanhood constitute another of these current movements in the life of Indian Islam today. The inertia against change is overwhelming. Gradually, however, it is beginning to give way under the pressure of the Indian response to the world-wide woman's movement. The first movement of the Christian missionaries to educate womanhood was greeted with hilarity. A surprise, however, greeted the

Moslem when a new type of personality began to grow up in his home. A girl who had gone as a "tiny" to the kindergarten and had written there with her small finger in the dust, grew in the boarding school, in body, more beautiful and strong than her sisters; in brain, more capable; in spirit, more serene; in moral fiber, sturdier, with a new sense of her own dignity and the sacredness of her own personality. That girl when married is beginning to bring up her children in a way that is novel in India and in Islam. Her children are the beginning of a new element in the Indian scene.

Thousands of girls are now studying in primary and middle schools and scores in high schools; while ones and twos are taking degrees at universities like Aligarh and Lucknow. As at Gujarat, we even have record of the *malvi* asking the missionary to open a school, avowedly to be Christian, to which the majority of the Moslem girls would have been sent if the mission could have afforded to open it.

Here is a little picture of a new event that would have been impossible a few years ago. In a highly conservative community at Mainpuri in the United Provinces, a committee of women of different religions, initiated by the American Presbyterian Mission there, was created to arrange a Baby Welfare Exhibition. The husbands were at first half shocked and wholly suspicious; the wives themselves were fearful. But the interest and the numbers grew; the meetings became bi-weekly; sisters, mothers, and friends of the members came to attend the meetings. The Mohammedan, Hindu, and Christian women discovered, to their own surprise, that they were all working together harmoniously around the common

interest of the welfare of little children. It is certain that Christ would be "in the midst" of such a group.

Indian Moslem leaders of open mind are now beginning to recognize that the progress of their whole life—in wealth, in social advance, in religious reality, in political standing—is held back by the ignorance and the seclusion of their women. There is today even in Moslem India the beginning of a movement that has led Mohammedans of position to let their wives and daughters discard the veil and to appear in public with them. These are, of course, for the most part, Westernized women in city centers. A strong group of leading Indian ladies, including Moslems, in 1924 even passed a resolution objecting to the disability of women to stand as candidates for the legislatures. These are the first few leaders in the movement of liberation.

A significant cautionary statement was made at the Bombay Moslem Ladies' Conference in 1924. They were in favor of enlightenment through modern education, but not in favor of doing away with the veil and the harem. They strongly emphasized the difference of function between men and women. They were against allying themselves with modern feminine movements in Europe and America. It was their ambition, they declared, to be better mothers and wives rather than indifferent clerks or lawyers or statesmen. The vast multitude of Islamic women are, of course, so far almost wholly unaffected by the movement.

The perspective of the movement created by the influence of Christianity in Indian Islam is suggested in a narrative of the present time in the North Deccan.

In the old Marathi kingdom, in the city of Kolhapur,

an old white-pillared church stands in the midst of the bazaar by the side of the Moslem mosque. We can see the picture through the eyes of Dr. Robert E. Speer, in a letter which he wrote home.

Through the open doors one saw from the pulpit all the busy movement of the marketplace, and the rich variety of color and style of dress. The hum of the bazaar was a ceaseless undertone sounding through every prayer and song and spoken word, and in the midst of the service the sonorous voice of the mullah in the mosque next door sounded forth the call to prayer. Looking over the heads of the congregation, through the open windows, one could see the whole white interior of the mosque and company of the faithful as in the appealing austerity and simplicity of their worship they knelt together in their prayers. I do not wish to give any wrong impression with regard to the church. Most of the congregation was made up of boys and girls from the mission schools, and many of the others were mission workers of one kind or another, but the light has clearly increased through the years.

"How great has been the change that I have seen here," said the Chief of the Police of the Kolhapur State, who is a Christian, as we came out from the meeting in the old church, which had filled it to the doors, with a score of children seated on the floor, for whom there was no room on the benches. "I can remember forty years ago when we were reviled and pelted as we came through the bazaar to the church and when the preacher spoke to the empty benches. And now see this!"

A picture of another example of such influence on the younger generation illustrates this same development. In the heart of the Punjab eighty years ago, an Indian Christian, Golak Nath, a convert of John Newton, who was one of the missionary pioneers of India, founded, at Jullunder, a high school for boys. That school has developed. Today five hundred boys are learning there, "with

their many-colored turbans looking like a bed of tulips on the floor." Each day the gospel is taught to them. Ninety per cent of them come from Moslem homes. Its headmaster, Mr. Jamal ud-Din, is himself the son of a Christian convert from Islam. Fierce efforts have been made by extremists to break up the school. But the mass of Moslem parents know enough to stand by and support a school where their sons learn a moral and spiritual life of discipline.

Behind these incidental pictures lie the colleges and schools for girls as well as boys, the mission hospitals like those of the Church Missionary Society at the foot of the Afghan passes, and the preachers, the books, and the Bible itself, the periodicals, the service of the Young Women's Christian Association, the fellowship of the Young Men's Christian Association, under national Indian leadership, the discussion of the personality of Jesus, all working to this same end.

As a result of all these varied movements, Christianity in India has already begun to exercise its influence upon Islam.

The work of missionaries concentrated on this end is quite preposterously small. It is difficult to conceive of any defense of the situation which the following figures present. There are 68,735,000 Moslems in India out of a population of 316,128,000. There are about 5,500 missionaries in India. If the Moslem population received its proportionate quota of these missionaries, over a thousand would devote themselves to the Mohammedans. Yet the number of missionaries concentrating whole-time work upon and equipped for work with Moslems is less than twenty; while, of course, a number of others,

like teachers in schools where some pupils are Moslems, give part-time work with Moslems.

All the movements that have been outlined are real and vigorous and affect multitudes. The whole mass of Islam in India, however, is still resistant to all types of influences. The Moslems there, as a whole, rest in their caravanserai. Here and there youth rises and, leaving the walls, takes to the open road into a new country. But he is one of a small minority. The spirit of Kismet, the apathetic acceptance of the daily events, the inertia and the ignorance make the pace of progress slow.

The heart of Indian Islam is, nevertheless, hungry. There is a blend of despair and hope, ignorance and desire for knowledge, acceptance and restlessness. The longing is old and it is universal. In India it goes deep indeed. A thousand years ago that longing spoke through an Indian poet. He sang:

> The sound of a sob in the darkness,
> A child crieth after its Father—
> My spirit within me is burning,
> Consumed with a passionate yearning—
> O unknown, far-away Father!
> No voice answers out of the darkness.

"No voice answers." Yet a Voice has answered—is answering. The Father has spoken to us in a Son. But Moslem India has barely heard of it.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE TRAIL OF CAMEL AND DHOW

I

ALL the world of Islam that we have so far seen was first conquered for Allah by the scimitar. Indeed, apart from those furious war campaigns of the first Caliphs, Mohammedanism could not have become a world religion. It was, as we have seen, under the uplifted sword and the cry from the Arabs of "Islam or Death" that all North Africa, Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia became Mohammedan in the first centuries, while later Turkey and North India fell under the fighting onslaught of Mongol Moslems.

There is, however, another immense range of Islam that stretches more than half-way around the world which grew up from the peaceful travels of the Moslem merchant, most of all the Arab, riding on his camel or sailing in his dhow. Islam has always followed the flow of commercial currents that have run from the great Moslem trading centers into the potential markets of the other peoples.

As we trace on the map the range of this kind of Moslem influence we find that it runs from the west coast of Africa—south of the Sahara—clear across Northern Nigeria and over the enormous areas of the Sudan and Abyssinia to the Indian Ocean, with feelers penetrating southward into the heart of Central Africa. The cry of the muezzin of the Moslems of Madagascar, then, car-

ries the voice of Islam from Africa out over the Indian Ocean, on the other side of which it is taken up on the Malabar Coast of India by the Moplahs, and also in Ceylon. Thence it passes over to Singapore and French Indo-China, where we find Chinese, Japanese, Indian, and Indonesian Moslems. Here Islam leaps the narrow straits to the Dutch East Indies where we find in Sumatra and Java thirty-five million followers of the way of Mohammed. The cry "Allah-hu-Akbar" is carried over the China Sea to the Philippine Islands where, half-way around the world from Mecca, under the rule of the United States of America, the turbulent Moro Moslems are learning the ways of peace and progress.

There has been no organization of advance, no army of conquest with deliberate propaganda. What happens is that the Arab merchant, with his bags of wares, cotton cloths from Manchester, tobacco from Turkey, tin clocks from North America, coffee from South America, knives and needles from Germany, glass beads from Czechoslovakia, mounts his camel or climbs over the side of a dhow in, say, the port of Jiddah.

In company with other Moslems of many râces he on his camel has crossed the Sahara to the great ranges of Africa or in his dhow has sailed southward, hugging the coast of Africa, to Zanzibar or Mombasa; or beating from port to port along the coasts of Arabia and western India he has reached Ceylon and eventually the Far East. He did that ten centuries ago, though with a less sophisticated bag of goods to sell. He does it today, save that he is now beginning to go steerage in a liner and to land at ports on each side of Africa from Lagos to Durban, and on every coast of Asia.

He lands among tribes of simple, fetish-worshiping animists. He comes among them as a man from the great world, with goods that seem marvelous in their eyes, and with knowledge of a Book. He makes up his mind to settle there, at least for a time. He easily finds a wife, and she becomes a Moslem; so do her parents, for the newcomer is a great man and—in their view—rich. The village follows suit. A little mud mosque is made. The formula of the call that "Allah is great" is easily learned, without bothering greatly as to what it may mean. The ways of the people do not need to be changed. Polygamy is explicitly permitted; so is slavery. Only the spirit-worship is forbidden, and our Arab, as we have seen,[1] is himself by way of being a spirit-worshiper. So the fetishes, though put in the background, are not exterminated. The tribe follows the village; and other related tribes come under the sway of Islam. Soon a little Moslem kingdom is founded, with a sultan. A few daring spirits go out from the villages to the coast and sail in a dhow to Jiddah for the pilgrimage to Mecca. They return with glowing tales of the marvelous great world of Islam of which they are now a part. The pride of the Brotherhood of the House of Islam fills their nostrils.

This simple, but drastic, process of change has happened, with variations of method but identity of essential fact, in millions of lives.

In at least four great characteristics this process and its results differ sharply from those outlined in the previous chapters of this book. First, as has been said, it is on the whole a process of peaceful penetration and

[1] See Chapter Two.

not, as in the other lands, of war. Secondly, it is a penetration of backward peoples and not—as in all the others—of people with an existing and generally higher culture and civilization. Thirdly, as a consequence, Islam is a step of progress among these backward peoples, as it brings a worship of one invisible God in place of primitive animism, whereas in the civilized areas it is a retarding force. On the other hand, however, once the animist has made the step to monotheism, he usually makes no further advance morally under Islam. The mullah rarely carries him much higher than the medicine man. In the fourth place, in none of these areas has Islam covered the whole of the people, as it has done in the lands conquered by the sword. As a result, and most of all in Africa and parts of Indonesia, Christianity and Islam confront one another as rival claimants for the leadership of the Negro and other animist races; whereas, in North Africa and the Near and Middle East Islam holds its fields absolutely and the task of Christianity there is to make an entrance in the unbroken citadel of Islam.

2

Let us traverse hastily this wide spreading range of Islam. We may start out first across the Sahara into Negro Africa from a great trading center like Tripoli. In one of the caravanserais two or three score Moslem traders are loading their three hundred protesting camels with goods. They are starting upon journeys that their families have taken for at least a thousand years. Their faces are toward the southwest. They are bound for a dozen different areas. The way is long for all. For in-

stance, it will be three months—and in bad weather four months—before those bound for Nigeria see on the horizon the squat, mighty mud walls forty feet thick and fifty feet high of the enormous market at Kano.

They bow to Mecca and the rising sun. Now the long trailing caravan of camels moves out in the dawn toward the desert.

If we could take the traders, these camelmen, and arrange them in a row, in the order of the shape of their features and the color of their skins, we should have at one end of a long line a man with a light-brown skin, strong aquiline nose, thinnish lips, and high forehead; and at the other, a black Negro with full lips, broad nostrils, retreating forehead, and broad jawbones. The change from the lighter skin and stronger nose and thinner lips, from man to man all along the line, through slight strains of Negro blood to the full Negro, would be so gradual that you could hardly mark the differences between one man and his immediate neighbors. Yet, although the gradations were so imperceptible, when you came to place the men from each extreme end side by side, the contrast between the pure Arab and the pure Negro would be vivid and startling.

As the men move out along the desert trail and we have time to go from group to group, we can hear the syllables of a dozen languages. We catch the dialect of half a score of different countries that stretch away to the west of us and to the south of the Sahara Desert.

For weeks the caravan moves over the fiery blistering wastes, the long routes of sirocco-blown sand, winding here among red rocks, where lizards dart and disappear. It rests occasionally in the grateful shade of the date

palms of a rare oasis. We realize that it was for men like these, in a background of this sort, that Islam came to birth, a primitive, clear-cut discipline as simple and severe and absolute as the desert.

The first group of men to leave the main caravan route and turn off to their homes are those of the immense territories of French Sudan in which there are probably more than a million and a half Moslems. A second group bears away to the south. These are the Fulani pilgrims from Northern Nigeria. Resting at night in a rare oasis, under its group of date palms, their camels carry them tirelessly back, south and west. At last the mud walls of the outskirts of Sokoto come into view.

The chief, the Emir of Sokoto with his Hausa title, the Sarki Mosoulmi, or Chief of the Moslems, receives them. The groups who come out to gaze on these travelers represent the eleven million Moslems in Nigeria, of whom some seven and a half millions are in the Northern Province.[2]

The rest of the caravan presses on still farther south, into Nigeria, to that strange wonder of the world of Africa, the colossal market of Kano, the mud-built, stinking, thriving commercial capital of Hausa Africa.

Tawny camels, at the end of four months of desert trail from Tripoli, lurch through the gates of Kano. Within those walls, fifteen miles in circumference, ten thousand men, light brown, brown, and black, Arab, Hausa, and pagan Negro, are chaffering in the market-place. From the backs of the camels the bundles are lifted. In the bundles are bales of cotton, mirrors, and razors, Singer sewing machines from America, sugar

[2] The total population of Nigeria is about 18,000,000.

from Czechoslovakia, needles from Germany, crockery from France. Twelve thousand camel-loads a year come into Kano, to say nothing of the goods sent by railway from the south.

From this vast city of sunbaked mud in Northern Nigeria the camels eventually go back again across the desert. Now they bear loads of beautiful worked leather which—because of the place where the European buys it—is called Morocco leather; but it comes from Nigeria.

Yet a new life broke in on Kano and a change came in the movement of Islam when the British laid rails from Lagos on the coast to Kano and the snorting of the first railway engine sent the monkeys and parrots screaming with rage and fear at this monstrous brute invading their primeval fastnesses. For the railway meant this revolutionary fact, that it became three times as quick for goods or for men to go from the Mediterranean shores around the coast of Africa to Lagos by boat and up the railway to Lagos than to go by camel across the desert. As a result the young Moslem merchants started out on that new route, and today there are fifty thousand Moslems in Lagos—half of the total population of the port.

Others from our Tripolitan caravan have pressed on still farther. For their home lies in the vast but sparsely occupied areas of Senegal from Timbuktu right away to the Atlantic Ocean. These strangely blended folk in Senegal, out of an estimated total of 1,266,000 inhabitants representing at least ten different peoples, add practically an equal number to the Moslem world, for ninety-nine per cent of the people follow Mohammed. Lying between the different worlds of the desert and the sea, we

have also French Guinea with already 1,700,000 Moslems.

Other groups break off from the camel caravan to the French Niger colony with its—approximately—million Moslems who are nomads and leaders of flocks, as contrasted with its small remaining population of animists who are village cultivators of fields. Our caravan will have one or two representatives of the smaller groups of the quarter-million Moslems out of the one and a half million people on the Ivory Coast, or of the 340,000 followers of Mohammed who form thirty-five per cent of the population of Dahomey.

The strange and entrancing interest of these peoples, who are barely known even by name to most of the peoples of white civilization, grows on us as we look more closely at their life. These men in their gold and orange, blue and green, head draperies, and their flowing brown robes, are blended of a dozen races. The romance of the old empires on the fringes of the Sahara, like that of the Fulani, reads like the dreams of an Arabian Nights romancer.

Yet many of those people are going in the near future to take a fresh place in the great world of affairs. Since 1923 a series of penetrations of their lands by new means of transport specially constructed—auto and aeroplane—reveals some glimpse of the novel possibilities for commerce and civilization when once the Sahara has been conquered. For an impressive picture of this new trend it is enough to look at the stirring, many-colored life of the swiftly growing port of Dakar on the Atlantic Coast. The new importance of Dakar is due to its being the port of the shortest route across the Atlantic.

At the beginning of the twentieth century Dakar was

a village of not more than three thousand Africans and less than fifty Europeans, and twice a month a mail steamer dropped anchor. Today with twenty-seven thousand natives and three thousand Europeans, it has sixty mail steamers a month, with liners running to South Africa and South America. Some twenty-five hundred ships call each year, landing about four hundred thousand tons of cargo and sailing away with over three hundred thousand tons. One of the great wireless stations of the world makes it of strategic importance. Greater things lie ahead. The mails from Europe to South America are to be carried across the Sahara by aeroplane to Dakar. Plans are even under discussion for an air-service from Dakar to Pernambuco in South America, putting Africa within a few hours' flight of America. When the scheme for a railway tunnel under the sea by Gibraltar is carried out, South America will be one week nearer to Paris via Dakar than it is by sea from France. Dakar will thus be the junction of the whole Latin world of South America, North Africa, and western and southwestern Europe.

All these fibers stretching across and around the Sahara are so many rootlets that will carry the strength of Islam into animist Africa. And when Islam is once at home in an African village, it is there to defy all comers. The task of Christianity in Africa becomes tenfold more difficult with every stride that Islam makes.

It is a very superficial Islam in nine cases out of ten. The Negro in his forest or on his lakeside is fascinated by the salaam and the soldierly routine of worship, the utterly simple idea that lies behind it—if he even knows of the idea—and the thought of being one of a strong

Brotherhood composed of many peoples from the strange outer world whom his tribal brother meets on the Mecca pilgrimage and describes around the village fires on his return. The old animism still flourishes in the soul of such a Moslem. It is—as the French so expressively call it—*"un islamisme de façade."* But the pride that it engenders and the touch of fanatic zeal make it at once a citadel against Christ and a cul-de-sac that stops further progress in civilization.

We have already seen [3] how from India Islam is invading East Africa. But Islam has also for long centuries floated down the African coast in Arab dhows. Abyssinia, an ancient Christian outpost of the Coptic Church in Egypt, has a large Moslem population and a polygamous primitive Islam at that; though news comes of profound and far-reaching movements of a revived simple Christianity that is spreading in that land. All down by Somaliland to Zanzibar, the Moslem influence is strong, while in Portuguese East Africa at Mozambique and—facing it—in the vast island of Madagascar, Islam has made advances.

Of all the areas of the world it is in Africa that we find Islam—now that the scimitar must, at least for a time, rust in its scabbard—is making its greatest progress of steady, silent saturation. One thing and one thing only has been proved to be always able to stop this onward flow. That power is a simple, real Christian education of young Africa.

[3] Chapter Six.

3

The Arab dhows that came down the African coast of the Indian Ocean also crept around its Asiatic shores. Touching here and there the coast of India and of Ceylon, where they have left their traces in fiery tribes like the Moplahs of the Malabar, they passed on even to Singapore, French Indo-China, and the Dutch East Indies, or Indonesia. It was through the pressure of the Moslem Indian southeastward down the Malay Peninsula, as well as the Arab from overseas, that Islam reached and conquered its many millions in this area.

As early as the fourteenth century a famous Arabian mullah, Makdum, arrived in Malacca on the Malay Peninsula. He knew medicine, practised magic, and converted the king of the land, and so the people in that area became Mohammedans. The million and a half Mohammedans of British Malaysia are largely Moslems of a primitive type.

The French word "Insulinde" for the East Indies well expresses the close relation of the enormous island archipelago to India. It is, indeed, only a short leap from Singapore to Sumatra, and thence to Java. All through many centuries, therefore, as a glance at the map shows, the brimming bowl of Indian population could easily overflow into what is now the Dutch East Indies. This steady stream of Indian migration helped to shape the manners, the customs, and the civilization of the people. But it was a very much milder and more primitive type of Hinduism than that of India. When the Moslem merchants and mullahs came to these lands, the semi-Hindu Javanese made their most effective converts to Islam.

The Hindus who would not conform to Islam were chased from Java. The Javanese Indo-Moslems, as we might call them, in turn spread Islam far and wide through the Archipelago of the East Indies. The advance, however, went more slowly in the other islands, and Islam did not hold in many instances those who at first adhered to it, at least in a nominal fashion. There are, for example, in Sumatra over two hundred thousand Christian Bataks, many of whom have come out of Islam. This church has been called "a kind of Christian island in a Moslem sea." The Dyaks in Borneo, part of which is British, are largely pagan. The Celebes Islands have some thousands of Moslems, but the north is almost entirely Christian, while the masses in the interior are animists.

At last we discover today in the Dutch East Indies, where Holland is administering skilfully a Colonial empire of nearly fifty million people, thirty-six million Moslems. Of these thirty million are in Java, which is the most densely populated land mass in the whole world. There is, however, today in Java a Christian community of thirty thousand who are already beginning to train their own pastors and evangelists.

If you go about among the Javanese Moslems of the countryside and listen to their popular legends about the Prophet Mohammed and the Caliphs, it is easy to note the constant presence of elements of Hindu mythology. Old pagan superstitions of the Javanese are also woven into the fabric of the Islam of Insulinde. Yet there is a tendency also to make Islam in the Dutch East Indies more austere and less tolerant. This process has, indeed,

gone on ever since the seventeenth century, when the Moslems there began to go—and have continued in ever-increasing numbers to go—on the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina.

We are faced here by the amazing fact that now twenty thousand pilgrims go every year from the Dutch East Indies on the pilgrimage to Mecca. This is the largest single national group of pilgrims in the Moslem world. They come back wearing the Hajji's turban and an Arab's costume, and practise a stricter Islam. A number of younger men stay in Mecca and Medina to study and then return as mosque functionaries. They often come back with reforming zeal. Indeed, as we have seen,[4] a group who returned inflamed with Wahhabi enthusiasm long ago fired the whole countryside with a furious, fighting Moslem fanaticism.

The primitive little Javanese country mosques rarely have a true minaret; in its place, there is a balcony of palm branches. In the mosque the Imam directs the daily religious exercises; the *khatib* recites the Friday prayers; and the *bilal* sounds the call to prayer from the balcony, banging, as a preliminary, upon a drum covered with buffalo hide. This group of functionaries add to their duties those of judges or *kadis,* who administer Moslem laws. The Dutch Government accepts this system to the extent of letting them judge matters of family right and religious foundations. It is said that by far the greater part of their work is in dealing with complaints of wives against unjust divorce and other wickednesses of their husbands.

All efforts to insist on the ideas of the harem and

[4] Chapter Two.

the veil have been rejected in the Dutch East Indies, where the women are, relatively speaking, in as high if not a higher position than in any other part of the world of Islam. There is even an element of humor about the situation in one part of Sumatra where matriarchy prevails among the tribes. There Mohammed's rules about the authority of man over woman have been calmly put aside so that woman continues to hold the reins of authority.

One interesting characteristic of Islam in some areas of the Dutch East Indies, which savors of Hinduism, is that a *guru,* as they call him, a sainted teacher, will gather a primitive little college of students or disciples about him. They form a little village, with buildings that have rows of cells with a corridor between each two rows, build a mill to grind their own rice, cultivate their own ground, beg in neighboring villages.

The graduates, if we may call them so, of these primitive little colleges have studied the Koran, the Tradition and its explanation, and the elements of Moslem law. They are held in awe by the millions of simple, utterly illiterate laborers in the rubber plantations and the villages. But the laborers receive little light from this primitive élite, which conceals its illumination under the bushel of its own pride and exclusiveness. Many of them become charlatans who recite formulæ to chase the evil spirits out of sick people or animals. Their formulæ show a blend of the superstitions of the Arab, the Hindu, and the aboriginal pagan.

A multitude of *walis,* or patron saints, are also worshiped. These are legendary pioneers who brought Islam to the East Indies; and their spirits can fly through the

air or skim over the water with astonishing agility. Beneath all this runs a deep, strong current of mysticism. Through the cult of saints and of mystical ecstasies, the intellectuals seek to realize the spiritual world, and the simple in spirit try to lift a corner of the veil that hides the unseen. The tombs of these saints are visited for the strangest variety of requests—to secure the success of a son in an examination in a Dutch school; to win the affection of a maiden; or to get an official appointment.

The mysticism of Insulinde Islam shows, first, that the old Hindu influence is still active. Second, it reveals the inadequacy of the sterile, stark Islam of the desert for the soul needs of the Javanese and the other island folk. Books of thoroughly heretical mystical Islamic literature are the most original products of the Javanese Moslem mind.

The enormous rubber demand of the world today is carrying in upon the Dutch East Indies a wave of Europeans who bring the instruments of their civilization with them. The primitive and the modern are found in piquant proximity: the thorn needle and the sewing machine; the crude lamp with a wick floating on oil and the electric light; the hand hoe and the motor tractor; the grandson of a Batak cannibal driving a Ford car.[5]

Remote though they are from the great continents of Western civilization, for they are equi-distant from Europe and from America, they are yet on one of the world's highways of steamship transit and all the movements of the West find a home there. Of all parts of the Moslem world the Dutch East Indies, even at such a distance

[5] See *The Moslem World of To-day*. John R. Mott, Editor. P. 142.

from Moscow, have felt most strongly the gales of Bolshevism. The Soviet idea has adjusted itself among them to an idea of clan-communism and has swept through the consciousness of millions. A tidal wave of nationalism, or self-determination, has followed. The spirit that is sweeping the islands can be caught in the titles of some Moslem periodicals of which there are as many as sixty circulating among the less than two million literate Moslems of Insulinde. Such titles are *Young Java, Young Sumatra, Light of Sumatra, Revival of Islam,* and so on.

The seething cross-currents of Islam and nationalism in young Java have created a new youth movement that held its first conference at Christmas time, 1925. Many elements in the nationalist organization of Young Java feel that the patriotism of their own country is too narrow. They want to feel kinship with the whole Moslem world. Islam, they say, is the one real cultural possession of Indonesia. This possession they feel they must both safeguard and increase. They have, therefore, founded in 1925 a league of young Islamites. They have a periodical called *The Light.* Their membership at the time of the conference had reached just beyond a thousand.

The President, in outlining the purpose, declared that their aims were religious rather than political. They desired to study and to propagate Islam and to develop intellect in the service of religion. The difference between themselves and other Javanese youth movements was that for the new movement nationalism means the whole Islamic world. They give instruction in political principles, but leave the individual free in his political action to take which side pleases him.

The membership of women and girls is a novel ele-

ment in this Young Islamic League. They aim at following the principles of the Koran in this connection; i.e. (said the President), to respect the rights and the duties of women. The League will aim also at instructing the white people of the West, and especially their Dutch rulers and merchants, in the truth about Islam.

4

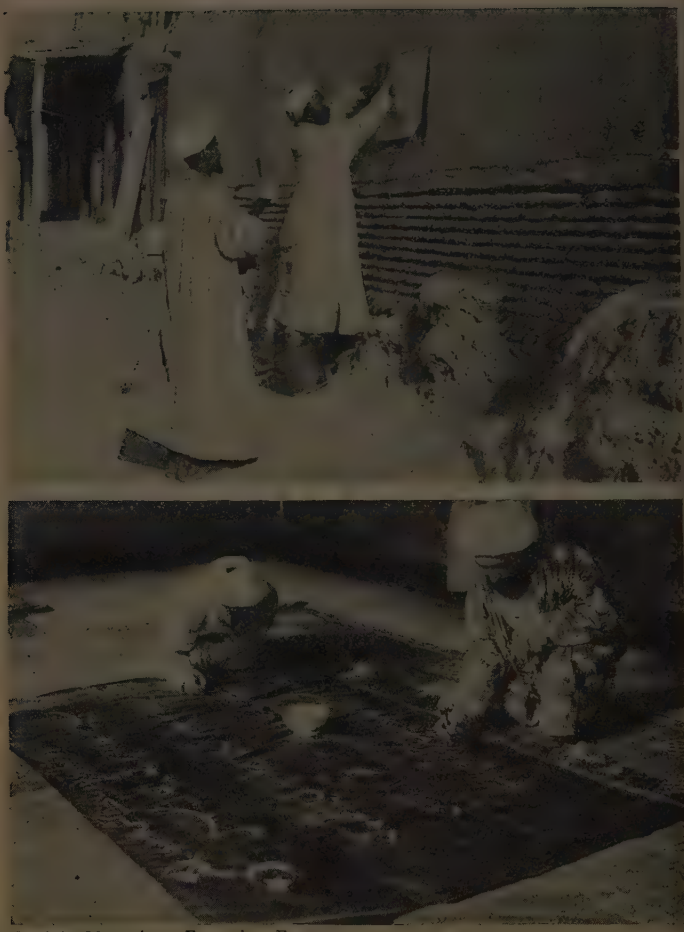
On the other side of Borneo lies that archipelago of seven thousand islands and islets with a population of over ten millions, the most distant out-station at once of Mecca and of the United States—the Philippines.

Islam crossed to these islands by the little Sulu archipelago that appropriately appears on the map like stepping-stones from Borneo to the greater Philippine Islands. Makdum, the Arab who brought Islam to Malaysia, also carried it to these islands.

An Arab of legendary greatness, Abu Bakr, who claimed direct descent from Mohammed, later settled here, married a Sulu princess, declared himself Sultan, gave himself the powers of a caliph, remodeled the laws on the Islamic scheme, reigned from 1450 to 1480, and died honored by the wild Sulu people. He had delighted them by making piracy a religious act, as it has been under primitive Islam when used as a means either of the forcible conversion or the destruction of the intractable heathen.

The piratic raids of the Sulus on the quieter Philippine tribes were going vigorously forward when the towering sails of strange ships came careering out of the East.

A TYPICAL OASIS SCHOOL IN NORTH AFRICA WHERE MOSLEM BOYS ARE TAUGHT NOTHING BUT THE KORAN. BELOW, DR. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER DISTRIBUTING CHRISTIAN LITERATURE AMONG MOSLEMS ON THE STREETS OF AN EGYPTIAN CITY.



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AFTER TURKESTAN CAME UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, SUCH SCENES AS THIS WERE WITNESSED IN BUKHARA WHEN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE SOVIET REPUBLIC WAS POSTED. BELOW, MOSLEM BUKHARIANS ARE PAINTING BANNERS TO SPREAD SOVIET PROPAGANDA.

They were the five ships of Spain that had under Magellan made the longest voyage ever so far taken by mortal man, seven times longer than that of Columbus—the voyage from Spain around Cape Horn and across the Pacific. Now their daring captains had discovered the Philippines.

Imagine the shock to the Spaniards! They had driven the last Moslem from the shores of Spain in the year when Columbus found America. Sailing right round to the other side of the world, they landed on a savage island and found Moslems there! They called them by the name of the Moslems they had fought in Spain—Moros, or Moors. And that name the descendants of the island people bear today. They then proceeded to try to exterminate them; but the Moros did the exterminating. Magellan himself was slain by a Moslem chief. One ship alone went on to Spain, having circumnavigated the globe.

Spain soon sent her warriors, her governors, and her priests to rule the new lands that Magellan had claimed for his sovereign and in the following centuries the peoples of all the islands except those inhabited by the Moros became predominantly Roman Catholic. The Moros resisted both the religion and the military power of Spain. For four hundred years the Spanish tried fitfully to rule them, but the Moros defied their authority. Moreover they made a regular practise, that the Government could never entirely suppress until late in the last century after the advent of steam war ships, of terrorizing the people of the other islands. Every year the Moros swept down upon the coasts of their Filipino neighbors—even as far north as Manila itself—with fleets running up to seventy

or eighty vessels, raiding, slaughtering, sacking, slave-making. There is no story of piracy in history that is longer, more terrible, and stormy than that of the Moros.

At last in 1898 when the Spaniards and the Moros were still in conflict, the Philippines came under the rule of the United States. America set some of her most efficient brains at work on the baffling problem of how to establish peace in Sulu and Mindanao.

One example of the methods used by the early American military governors is revealed in General Wood's approach to the problem when he was sent to this turbulent region. Before beginning his duties in the Philippines he read every book on Islam, the Moros, and the Orient that seemed to him worth while. A friend asked, "When do you expect to read this roomful of books?"

"I have read them," replied General Wood.

For months he studied the Moslem himself at first hand in Borneo, Sumatra, Singapore, and Java, learning all the time from British and Dutch rulers. Then he landed. The Moro Acting-Sultan was cordially invited to call on General Wood. He was ill, he said. General Wood sent a company of soldiers to inquire after his health and to hope he was sufficiently recovered to return with them. An amazingly swift cure resulted. The Acting-Sultan went with them. He saw the American troops. He watched a machine gun mow down trees. Not only his health, but his passion for fanatical outbreaks against his Christian neighbors was cured.

The Governor next set the Moros to work, not under forced labor, but for money—fabulous wages they seemed. He showed them how fire, by boiling the water, chased the cholera demon out of it. He knew more about the

Koran than the Moro mullahs themselves knew; and they bowed in reverence at such knowledge. At last the greatest of the mullahs was so won round that he declared in a great Moro council that it was the will of Allah that the Americans should rule them and that they, the Moros, should pay taxes for the privilege.

A landscape gardener came and converted the Moro capital, Zamboanga, from a muddled mess into an exquisite garden city, beautiful with parks and fountains, waterfalls, flower gardens and water-lilied lakes and canals, while its shores and new pier blazed with electric light.

Wonderful things have been done with commercial plants like coffee, tea, rubber, and tree cotton. In place of the perfectly horrible old prisons, a penitentiary has been created on plans governed by the modern idea of penology. It is really a great and lovely farm near the sea. This prison of San Ramon declares that its record of cured criminals is the finest in the world. The fact is, of course, that the Moros who break the law are not usually—in the Western sense—criminals. They are simply healthy Moros who find it difficult to give up the lawless habits of five centuries in five years.

In Moro land, as elsewhere throughout the Philippines, the American Government has established public schools, and a few schools have been opened under the auspices of Christian bodies.

One such school furnishes a noteworthy example of what genuine good-will and disinterested friendliness may accomplish among a people that harbor a deep distrust of everything Christian. In 1916, Bishop Brent, then in charge of the Episcopal Missions in the Philippines,

helped a group of interested American women to found the Moro Agricultural School in the island of Jolo, the very stronghold of the Sultans of Sulu and the scene of the most desperate fighting between the American troops and the Moros. From the first the school was approved by the leading men of the Island and had their support.

The Bishop told the people plainly that although he and his associates desired to give them a full knowledge of Christianity, no Christian teaching would be given to the pupils of this school without the consent of their parents, and that no teacher would attempt to make a Christian of a pupil against his will.

The Moros responded to this approach with a degree of confidence that they had never before given to any white people. More than thirty boys from the families of warring tribesmen enrolled at the start to learn the new and peaceful ways of modern agriculture. The institution has now grown into the Willard Straight Memorial School with a large enrolment, and, what is most remarkable of all for a school among Mohammedans, it has a girls' dormitory and classes in which the daughters of the chiefs are being trained for their own home-making in the atmosphere of a Christian home.

With eyes opened to new worlds of humanity, history, and of life, the old power of a fighting Islam on the young Moro is growing steadily less. The fact, for instance, that the daughter of the Sultan of Sulu, the religious leader of the Moros, was sent to the United States to college and was from 1922 to 1924 a student in the University of Illinois, is a picture of the change that is coming over this new generation.

Just as the whole of Islam has been overlooked and neglected to a great degree by the Christian forces of the world, so these Moslems under the American flag have been largely passed by as the churches have established their work in the Islands. Little direct missionary work among the Moros is being carried on by any of the seven communions that are represented in the Philippines. The Protestant Episcopal Church is doing some pioneer medical and educational work. The Bishop Brent Hospital, begun in 1908, seeks to relieve the physical ills of the Moros in and around Zamboanga, while the Settlement House with its girls' dormitory seeks to reach Moro children. An attempt has also been made through the establishment of a Press to give the Moros the gospel in their own dialect. Missionaries of the American Board among the wild tribes of Mindanao have had occasional contacts with their Mohammedan neighbors and are looking towards an extension of their work into this field. There have also been a few independent workers who have reached some remarkable individuals.

These beginnings in the Moro country cannot, however, measure the extent of the Christian witness among its people. Christian influences are flowing back into the Moro community through the contacts of Moro students with Christian agencies in Manila and other student centers. For example, at the conference of the Young Men's Christian Association held in the hills above Manila at New Year's, 1926, there was to be found a group of fifteen Moros who met daily for prayer and discussion with the first ordained Moro pastor, Rev. Matias Cuadra, a flaming spirit who goes everywhere

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among his people in the southern islands, teaching Christ and preaching without hindrance in the mosques. These men in the Conference faced frankly and freely the questions which Mohammedans ask when they are considering the call of Christ, and daily they went out to a lonely place where, writes Mr. Cuadra, "they prayed like Christians and not as Mohammedans, using their own words and asking God for light."

With the Moros a Christian people, the history of the Philippines might well be changed. For just as the adolescent James Chalmers had a passion for being a pirate, which, when he became a Christian, was transformed so that he is known to us as the heroic and adventurous missionary among the cannibals of Papua, in the same way the very instinct of adventure and aggression which made the Moro a pirate and an utterly fearless fighter would, as a Christian, make him a virile and convincing missionary force.

CHAPTER EIGHT

TO WHAT GOAL?

I

WALKING across the sun-scorched quadrangle of Al Azhar University, Cairo, the central intellectual citadel of orthodox Islam today, I came upon a little cluster of students, grouped on the pavement under the arcade around an atlas open at a double-page map of the world. Passing into the purple shadows of the Abyssinian courtyard of the University, I saw on the floor a small pile of French novels of the more lurid order. Some yards away a student, seated cross-legged and swinging his body forward and backward—in the manner believed universally throughout the East to stimulate memory, was reading the Koran in sing-song to himself. Not twenty yards away another and older student was reading a Christian Arabic pamphlet.

This quiet, cloistered picture focuses the trek of youth in the world of Islam. It is a miniature of the national, racial, spiritual, and intellectual movement, the like of which is not to be found in Moslem annals.

The world map in the atlas was a symbol of the fact that for the first time in history the eyes of the young Moslem world are turned, not in arrogant self-content, but with genuine inquisitiveness upon the life of man all over the earth. The pile of French novels was a portent of the increasing flow of the secular and sceptical West-

ern mentality into the Mohammedan peoples steeped in tradition and age-long habit. The man reading the Christian pamphlet in the central intellectual citadel of historic Islam visualized sharply the incalculably important fact that today young Islam is inquiring of the West not only its scientific and economic secrets, but the faith that it professes.

The fact that all this happened in Al Azhar University, where ten years ago neither the atlas—which contradicts the Koran—nor the novels, nor the Christian pamphlet could have entered, is a symbol of the fact that the innermost keep of the castle of Islam now has its gates open to the penetrating forces of the new world.

The student memorizing the Koran in the way familiar for thirteen centuries is, however, a picture of the vital fact which we must never forget, that behind this trek of youth there still lies the vast inertia, the old, confident resistance of the primitive, unlettered, disciplined Moslem world. Across the Moslem world lies this immobile background of tradition, from which the adventurous spirits of the young generation are moving away. It is like the spread of the ancient black tents of the Bedouin across the plain, while the caravan of youth strikes its tents and moves out from the old camping-ground on to new tracks.

2

What, then, are the calls that we have heard as we have "listened in"—the calls that sting the blood of Moslem youth to adventure out of the ancient ways of their race and faith? The calls are, as we have seen, legion:

some wide in range, others local; some powerful, others weak; some volcanic and catastrophic, others gentle, subtle, and pervasive. It is not a single bugle, but a band that is sounding in their ears a music that thrills them, shattering sleep and challenging to new adventure on unknown tracks. The music has its strident discords as well as its glorious harmonies. But it all moves forward to a theme and from movement to movement like some tremendous saga set to Wagnerian music. The end of the saga is still unwritten and unplayed.

Let us trace the flow of the story through the movements. Some passages of unrest in a minor key led up to the crashing discord—the shattering impact of the World War itself. Every Moslem people was tossed into the seething crucible. Their old life was broken up and melted down. Islamic youth fought on every front. They fought against one another in Moslem, pagan, and Christian lands. From this upheaval all the other forces in the story sprang or received new impulse. What were those other forces?

First, clamorous new nationalisms lashed in fury against Western white domination. They also tore the fabric of Pan-Islamism to shreds.

These nationalisms were intensified by another result of the War—the increased government of Moslems by Western Christian powers. This was due to the break-up of Turkey. As a result of nationalism and the Peace Treaties *not one of the great groups of Islam—outside Africa and the Dutch East Indies—is under the form of government that prevailed when the War began.* Turkey has its new Republic; Syria, Palestine, and Iraq are under mandates of the League of Nations; the Wahhabis

have captured Central Arabia; Egypt is a self-governing kingdom; Persia has a new plebeian dynasty; Indian Islam, although still within the British Commonwealth of Nations, shares the new system of progressive self-government.

Two Moslem waves coming from opposite directions then crashed into each other. The wave of Caliphate agitation—sweeping from India to uphold the Caliphate against the "Satanic" Christian powers, and especially Britain—suddenly collided with the Turkish wave which destroyed their Caliphate and swept the Caliph high and dry on the beach of exile in a Christian land. The world of Islam was in a confused turmoil of mind. The debate went furiously forward in every caravanserai, bazaar, mosque-courtyard and café from the Atlantic Coast of Africa, all across Africa and Asia, for six thousand miles to the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines.

Never had there been such a fluttering in the dove-cotes of the Moslem world.

Across this hubbub rang the strident call of Bolshevism. A Communist University of "Workers in the East" was founded in Moscow. In the Moslem Soviet republics of Southeast Russia,—like Khorezm or Khiva,—in Turkestan, and in Bukhara, Bolshevism swept forward. The works of Karl Marx replaced the Koran of Mohammed in the schools, while Moscow ousted Mecca as the center of salvation. In the streets of Constantinople, in the alleys of Baghdad, and in the industrial suburbs of Tehran, from Kabul in Afghanistan to the new slums of Calcutta, the Soviet fever ran. It has spent itself in many areas, but the effects are persistent, and fervid nuclei of Bolshevist germs still spread vigorously the gospel of the

unity of the world's labor against the capitalist and the bourgeoisie.

These six powerful things—the World War, Nationalism, increased Western government of Moslems, the Caliphate agitation, the abolition of the Caliphate, and Bolshevist propaganda—created a seventh; viz., a vehement critical debate about the civilization of Christendom. The commercialism of Christendom, its imperialistic land-grabbing, its political perfidy, its immorality—witnessed especially by Moslem soldiers in the War, its quarrels, all were canvassed and condemned over "hubble-bubbles" in the Sheikhs' Council, in students' lodgings, in camel-khans and railway-trains from Algiers to Agra and from Mosul to Mombasa.

On the other hand, however, Christendom's inventiveness and scientific progress, its autos and tractors, its aeroplanes and ocean liners, its guns and cruisers, its railway systems and wireless, its educational practise and governmental efficiency, are admired and envied. Every Moslem city youth who is alert developed a hunger for knowledge and new scientific thought and invention. The engine of an automobile in the desert of Iraq, the tubes of a wireless set in Tunis; the stress on the wings of an aeroplane in Baghdad or Cairo, the working of a liner's propellers by a turbine as she glides along the Suez Canal—all these are of vivid interest, and every wide-awake Moslem schoolboy discusses them.

As a result, an immense demand for European—and especially French—books and magazines has sprung up. In any great Moslem center today—and especially in Algiers, Cairo, Constantinople, and Beirût—a positive Niagara of Western literature pours into the mind of

Moslem youth. The bookshops have increased by leaps and bounds since the War. The effendi—or official and professional class—in particular is exposed to this saturation. Some of the literature is constructive; the greater part is either scientific and sceptical—for the more serious groups, or decadent and immoral—for the flippant.

European scepticism—especially of the confident, critical French type—has triumphed in thousands of Islamic minds. It is a two-edged sword, anti-Christian in aim as well as anti-Mohammedan. But in result it is far the more deadly to Islam, for Christianity can face—indeed, has faced—and is mastering this sceptical blade which is already out of date in educated Christian circles, but Islam has not yet faced it, and Islam—at least, Islam as it has been known for thirteen centuries—cannot face it. If Islam survives, it will be as something new, reshaped from the old.

A vigorous and fascinating new movement now enters into the theme of our saga. A Moslem youth or maiden absorbed in a Western novel of American or British girlhood; or, as a student, watching the life of girl students at a Western university, is conscious of a sharp, challenging contrast to the closely guarded seclusion and unexercised physical conditions of Moslem girlhood or womanhood. Nowhere is the contrast of life between Christian and Moslem lands so violent as in the life of girls and women.

As a result the clamor among both men and women for the more open, free comradeship grows daily in vehemence. Woman will live her own life and be free to develop her own personality. This has been illustrated

in every country that we have touched. Indian womanhood, Turkish, Arabic, Persian, Egyptian, Algerian, and African—everywhere the story is the same, of the rising demand of woman for a place in which to grow to the full powers of her personality; and the wish of the younger men to have girls educated so that they may be comrades to their men friends and husbands.

The progress differs in the different fields. In every separate field, also, we find variations between the advanced and the backward. The problem of the frontier for girls and women between liberty and license arises—as it does in America or Britain or Europe. This woman's movement is of supreme significance in the Moslem world. The conservatives who fight for the old subject-status of woman under Islam are absolutely right from their point of view, for the education and liberation of womanhood certainly means the break-up of the old Islamic civilization. And how can Mohammed's own prestige, either as law-giver, as man, or as revealer of the mind of God survive the freedom of woman and her equal status, in the light of his personal life—he died the husband of nine wives—and his commands as to women, set forth in the Koran?

Here, then, in the response of young Islam to all these calls to new ways of life, we see a trek of youth away from the life that has held their fathers through the centuries that have gone.

3

When we have said the last word, however, on the trek of Young Islam, we fall into disastrous error if we for-

get that, so long as he is a Moslem, a man belongs morally, religiously, and intellectually, to the world-spread Mohammedan Brotherhood.

For nearly thirteen centuries the Prophet's words, memorized by generation after generation, and accepted as the final rule of life for the state, the city, the home, and the individual, have saturated and molded the mind and spirit of the Moslem. True, the Turk is today a Turk before he is a Moslem; and the Egyptian an Egyptian; while the Arab would be infuriated at being confused with either the one or the other. The Javanese Moslem is primarily a Dutch subject, while the Moro of the Philippines is an American subject. The Delhi Hajji, racially an Indian, is politically under the British flag; while the Tripolitan, Tunisian, Algerian, and Moroccan Mohammedans are citizens of the Italian, French, and Spanish colonial empires. Any or all of these nationalists may even be agnostics or atheists who do not believe Allah exists; but they are, nevertheless, all members of the Moslem Brotherhood. They are, until they definitely break with Mohammedanism and join another faith, citizens of Islam. No nationalist flame, however fierce and high, can burn out the ingrained Islamic loyalties of forty generations. Ultimately, all Moslem lands form "the House of Islam"—Dar ul-Islam, and all non-Moslem lands form "the House of War"—Dar ul-Harb.

A sense of common interest vibrates through the ether of the Moslem world. Mohammedan men "listen in" across national boundaries to the news of other Moslems that is "broadcast" over all the lands where they live. The spirit of nationalism has, since the War, lighted in the Moslem firmament a bright array of independent

stars—Zaghloul Pasha in Egypt, Mustapha Kemal in Turkey, Abd ul-Krim in Morocco, Ibn Saud in Central Arabia, and Riza Shah Pehlevi of Persia. Each man of these national heroes is separate from the others. He is an expression of the peculiar genius of his own land, the shining focus for the patriotic gaze of his own people. They even belong to the opposed sects of Islam; Kemal is an agnostic, Saud a Wahhabi; Zaghloul a Sunni, and Riza a Shia.

The fortune of each man is, however, watched with intense interest by the others. All of them are known and their triumphs and disasters are discussed by Mohammedans in every part of the Moslem world. You may hear their names on the lips of Turkish camelmen in the khans of the Taurus Mountain passes, and of Indian students in Aligarh University; of cotton-cultivators and fighting tribesmen of the Sudan, and of the leather-workers and cattle boys of Northern Nigeria; of women in the harems of Tunis and the classrooms of Beirût University; of mullahs in the mosque courtyards of Damascus, and of porters on the dock side at Singapore; of editors in the newspaper offices of Cairo, and of Kabyle artizans in the pneumatic tire factories of Paris.

The radiation of their influence is enormously wide. For this reason the task of the American Government may be doubled in its handling of the restless Moro tribes of the Philippines by the fortunes of a campaign among the Riffi thousands of miles away in North Africa. In the same way the issue of the conflict between Kemal and the Greeks in Anatolia stirred pulses on the Northwest Frontier of British India and caused sleepless nights to Dutch administrators in the East Indies.

The influence of these national leaders lends heightened interest to the proposals for an Islamic Congress to be held under the auspices of the Al Azhar Caliphate Committee to consider the choice of a new Caliph. The Grand Sheikh, who is Rector of Al Azhar, hotly maintains that the election is a purely religious matter and has nothing to do with politics. Opponents argue with equal insistence that it is inevitably and inextricably political. A third party, following the publication of a book in 1925 by Sheikh Abd ur-Rezak, demonstrating that Koranic law does not necessitate a Caliph, argue that the institution should remain in abeyance. The author was expelled from Al Azhar for writing that book. A fourth and most important body of opinion argues for a permanent representative Caliphate Council at Mecca, presided over by an elected Caliph with modernized functions—that Council to be the advisory center of a world-wide Islamic League of Nations. Can Kemal Pasha, Ibn Saud, Zaghloul Pasha, and the rest come into such a League together? Is their national and personal separatism stronger than their sense of Islamic unity? At present separatism is certainly stronger.

When, again, we have said the last word on the penetrating, disintegrating power in the Moslem world of the novel and the cinema, the automobile and the daily paper, the whole modern restless scientific tide of life, we fall into disastrous error if we forget either the many millions of peasants who still lie largely beyond the reach of the music of change or the sodden mental inertia of multitudes who even lie within the sound of the disturbing trumpets. There are no accurate figures apart from British India and Egypt showing the proportion of Mos-

A NURSE FROM THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL IS INSTRUCTING THIS TURKISH GIRL RESERVE GROUP FROM ONE OF THE AMERICAN MISSION SCHOOLS IN "FIRST AID" METHODS.

THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY AT CAIRO, FORMERLY AN EGYPTIAN PALACE, WHERE CHRISTIANITY IS BEING INTERPRETED TO MANY YOUNG MOSLEMS. BELOW, A GROUP OF STUDENTS FROM THIS UNIVERSITY, EACH OF A DIFFERENT NATIONALITY, COMING FROM HOMES SCATTERED FROM RUSSIA TO THE SUDAN.

lems who can read. But a careful analysis based on all the available facts reveals that at a generous estimate, twelve millions of Moslems out of the two hundred and forty millions can read, and of these not more than five hundred thousand are women. In a word, not five women in a thousand can read and not more than ten men in a hundred.

This illiteracy shows that the mass of the Moslem world is at present beyond the direct reach of the printing press. It is, however, far from proving that they are beyond the voice of change. For instance, in the Moslem world the male population of a whole village will listen to a reader and will discuss with each other in their homes what he has said. Again, it has been shown all over Asia and even in Europe and America that the power, for instance, of a new bugle-call like Bolshevism, to sweep men off their feet, is far greater in its appeal among the illiterate than the literate. Where, then, does the truth of this matter of movement versus inertia rest?

The men who know most will dogmatize least. We have had the inestimable privilege during the last years of sharing in the closest and most careful questioning of highly trained and equipped men and women of many nations and races from every part of the Moslem world. They are men and women who have given their lives to the study of the nature of Islam itself and the story of its past. They watch from close intimate quarters its current movements, and they work in its atmosphere all their days. They live day in and day out in close contact with Mohammedan men and women and youth. Their witness has been tested by direct study of the whole world problem. From these we gain the confi-

dence to assert that the movements of change in the life of young Islam described throughout this book are world-wide, deep, and transforming; that they grow progressively; and that they do create a situation without parallel in the thirteen centuries of the life of Islam. Nor is Islam alone concerned. Indeed, the whole life of the world, its progress or its retrogression, its peace or its war, is bound up with the direction in which the Islamic world moves in its new renaissance. This is in the strict and rare sense a renaissance of a whole civilization.

The Renaissance in Europe was a period when man struck his tents and moved out of the age of tradition and authority—called the Middle Ages—into the new age of quest, adventure, and discovery. The Middle Ages ended. The Holy Roman Empire died. The birth of nationalism took place. Each nation made a distinctive contribution—Italy and Spain, Britain and France, Germany and the Low Countries—each gave great men and movements which began that new era in world history. This array of new nations made a new Europe. Crossing the Atlantic, they brought America into being.

The renaissance in the Mohammedan world has now fully begun. Young Islam is at this hour striking its tents. The trek to a new era is starting. As in the European Renaissance, so here. It is a march out of the Middle Ages of tradition and authority—Moslem tradition and Koranic authority—into a new age of quest and discovery. The birth of nationalism is again taking place. The Holy Moslem Empire of the Caliph is broken, as was the Holy Roman Empire. And here again—as in the European Renaissance—every nation will make a contribution of genius without which the world would

be poorer. Persia and Turkey, Egypt and Arabia, the Islamic world of India and North Africa, will all bring to birth—indeed, are already giving to us—great creative spirits.

What kind of a new world may be born out of this new renaissance?

The West has, indeed, already created an amazing new world of command over the forces of nature. But the material marvels of science have been turned against man by man to slay him in millions in the War; and they are being elaborated into diabolical perfection for new wars in which Western civilization may slay itself. Western man has succeeded in much. He has, however, disastrously failed to make moral and spiritual aims control material force. What if, out of this new renaissance among these Eastern peoples in the lands where Christianity was born and developed its youth, Christ's real rule of man's life may come to full growth? For that is surely the Will of God.

The wonder of the situation for us is that this decision as to what direction that renaissance will take will almost certainly be made in our lifetime. And we can share in creating the forces that will determine that direction.

It is certain that young Islam "has struck its tents and is on the march." No one, however, can yet answer the questions, whither? Across what deserts and mountain ranges of experience? Under what banner? Behind what leaders? To what goal?

The air is full of rival cries. Some say, "Forward!" Others cry, "Backward!" Some declare for race war; others plead for racial cooperation and world peace.

Some work for a League of Moslem Nations to face in hostile array a League of European Nations. Others work for a world fellowship of nations.

Some, again, believe in a reformed and liberalized Islam; others fight for the ancient ways and the primitive gospel of Mohammed; still more declare for a frankly materialistic, scientific agnosticism. There is no Master Word; there is not even a "Master Sword" as there was in the beginning of Islam. There is today no accepted supreme Prophet, who from some planetary minaret can sound a universal call to the world of Islam.

What, then, is to happen? What can be done?

4

Let us examine the possibilities.

First, can we have a liberalized Islam? Can Science and the Koran agree? We have already seen[1] the attempt made at Aligarh University in this direction. Conviction grows that the reconciliation is not possible. Islam really liberalized is simply a non-Christian Unitarianism. It ceases to be essential Islam. It may believe in God; but He is not the Allah of the Koran and Mohammed is not his Prophet; for it cancels the iron system that Mohammed created.

The situation is summed up pungently and clearly in a letter from Dr. Watson, President of the American University at Cairo:

> It is not a question of leaving the Moslem to his former Mohammedan faith. It is really a practical question of materialism or agnosticism *versus* Christianity. A materialistic science, preva-

[1] See Chapter Six.

lent in Europe and in Egypt, is undermining all faith in the supernatural. When the Moslem discovers that the Mohammedan conception of the universe is false, he is likely to retain the name of Moslem just as a Scotchman prides himself on his Scotch ancestry, but behind this Moslem profession will be sheer agnosticism. The justification for a Christian university lies not so much in its chapel exercises or its ethical teachings, important as these may be, but in its impartation of a view of the universe which will give a rightful place to God. It is interesting to have a leading Moslem boy say to one of his professors: "But, Sir, we, of course, are not like the students in government schools. We believe in God."

The same experienced and scholarly observer says in a letter to the author:

It is my firm belief that the Islamic conception of God—if one were to press home its real logic—cuts the nerve of scientific research. Of course, it is to be recognized that many Moslems do not accept the implications of their own theology and therefore enjoy a freedom which is greater than they are entitled to logically. Science assumes order and an orderly procedure in nature and in nature's God. Islam, on the contrary, so glorifies the power of God that He loses His quality of moral consistency. Let me illustrate the conflict between Islam and Science. I was walking out in the country tramping about. A country lad of about eighteen years was on the road. I entered into conversation with him. I thought it a good chance to clear up a point that interested me. I said to him, "How long does a palm tree live?" His reply was, "Oh, that has not yet been revealed." I thought he was putting me off, so I asked him again, "But really, how long does it live? Does it live as long as a man, or longer?" His reply again was, "Oh, that has not yet been revealed. It will be revealed on the Judgment Day. Do you believe in the Judgment Day?" he asked. I replied, "I do." "Well," he said, "you wait and you will find out then."

He was not joking in the least. He was answering truly accord-

ing to his Mohammedan conception of the universe, which is thus: God is all-powerful. He does everything according to an inscrutable will. He says to this palm tree: "Live for two years"; to that one, "Live for twenty years"; to another one, "Live for two hundred years"; to still another one, "Live for two thousand years." When the Judgment Day has come, it will be possible to look back upon all the events of Nature and to see how long palm trees live. There may be some uniformity, or again, there may be none at all.

In our University, therefore, we account Science a handmaid of religion. The student is put in the laboratory, where he himself works an experiment again, again, and again. He always gets the same result. It is an easy and a natural thing to put your hand on his shoulder and say: "Mohammed, God is like that. He is a God of order and of law and of moral consistency. He is not a God of magic or of moods. You can count upon Him. You will find Him where you left Him."

If Islam cuts the nerve of research into truth, what has it to say to a young man confronting the problems of modern life?

Abdullah, a young educated Moslem today in Cairo or Delhi or Angora, is faced by things that he cannot confute. Here before him are scientific certainties. He is also bewildered by utterly new situations that confront him as he faces a career, marriage, citizenship. The relationships of man and woman are changing. So are the relations of employer and employed, of governing nation and subject people. In this world of changing conditions, can Islam say something to him that is convincing and dynamic as a rule of life?

What can it give to him to feed his soul and guide his action, working, we will say, in a Government office in Cairo or on a daily newspaper in Calcutta; at a mer-

chant's desk in Beirût or as headmaster of a school in Angora; running a railway system in Algeria or driving automobiles in the Philippines?

It seems quite certain that if Islam is what nine tenths at least of the Faithful believe it to be, it is inconceivable either as a rule of life in a modern human society or as a saving principle for the soul of man.

The system covering all the details of life which was delivered in the middle of the seventh century by Mohammed in Arabia and fixed in iron forms before 900 A.D. is impossible in 1930 A.D. It is a final difference between Islam and the Christian gospel that the former is fixed by detailed rules, while the latter appeals to a governing spirit and principle, eternally true and eternally reshaping the new life of each new age.

Test the Koran at any essential point—the position of woman or the nature of the state, for instance, and it collapses. It is a fixed system of theocracy, conceived in a tribal desert chaos. In the modern world it defies every tendency of modern, democratic, responsible, secular government. That is why Turkey has thrown over the Koran as a rule of the state. And if it does not rule the state, it rules nothing; for the religious attitude and social regulations of Islam are two sides of the one coin. They cannot be separated and remain Islam. Mohammedan Islam is the negation of progress erected into a divinely ordained system. We are tied by Islam to a reverence for Mohammed himself. Our minds, however, are appalled at the murders, the unnatural marriages, the cruelty, the brigandage and the sensuality. As a seventh century Arab the Prophet was wonderful; as a twentieth century hero and leader—not to say saint—he is impossible.

Has anyone ever expressed the ideals of womanhood more exquisitely than Ulviye Hanum, the great Turkish woman writer, a graduate of the American Woman's College at Constantinople? She writes:

Love in any true sense is a stranger in our homes. Respect, companionship, are outside of our experience. Yet we have the ambition to do what only woman can, to perpetuate and increase in physical numbers and strength the race to which we belong. It is not enough for us to be content with that. That is not the happiness to which we have the right and the duty to aspire and to claim. Much less may we content ourselves with that selfish languor so often found in the harems of the rich. We have no right to expect others to make us happy while we do not unselfishly gird ourselves to make others happy and worthy of their place, as our life's chief aim. The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, if we fail of attaining to happiness. Our men are seeing more clearly today than ever before that the welfare and success of our people in the coming years depend very greatly upon us, the mothers and daughters of our race. Emancipation, education, elevation, intellectually and morally—this is to be our cherished desire. The question is not, "Who will make us happy?"; but, "How can we be most useful to our people and our fatherland?"

But it was Mohammed himself who ossified the evil old Arab subjection of woman of which Ulviye Hanum complains into an everlasting law of society ordained by Allah. Those great and lovely aspirations which she expresses can never be achieved within the frontiers of Islam.

Many modern liberal Moslems, however, argue that Islam is one religion on a level with others. The soul of Islam, they say, is the idea of the Unity of the Godhead. That is true. But Judaism said that at least a

thousand years earlier, and Christ said it with an infinitely greater richness, depth, and fulness of truth. Mohammed himself frankly took his idea of Allah from his fragmentary ideas of Judaism and Christianity. Here we are brought to the center of our problem.

If challenged to concentrate into one phrase the ultimate difference between Islam and Christianity, the writer would say it is in the conception of personality.

In Islam the personality of God, of man, and, above all, of woman, is fatally inadequate. Allah is described rightly by Islam as sovereign, omnipotent, omniscient, just, compassionate and forgiving, holy. But He becomes unholy by conniving at the profligacy of the Prophet and uncompassionate and unjust by being pitilessly ruthless to those outside the House of Islam. He is impersonal, inaccessible, unapproachable, unconditioned, with no law save caprice, and no way of saving man. As a result Man is His puppet. "Kismet" becomes the every-day word of Islamic life. The nerve of growth in personality is cut by making the personality of God pure authority and that of man pure submission. There is no place for communion. The idea of the sonship of man to God is incredible in Islam. To obey the Law and to die fighting for Islam is to win a sensuous paradise; that is the scheme of salvation. This does not mean that some Moslems do not have communion with God. They do. There is a rich mysticism in many Moslem lives; but it comes to them in defiance of the Koranic system and not because of it.

As a result of this Islamic view of personality, slavery, polygamy, concubinage are divinely permitted—though not ordered. In consequence, as man is the puppet of

Allah so woman is the puppet of man, and Islam holds her in unique seclusion and degradation. So this wholly false view of personality, divine and human, cuts at the roots of civilization itself.

We desire to see every good that is in Islam. It is essential, however, to see it as it is in essence and in action. Otherwise we cannot truly serve the peoples who live within its rule.

Liberal Islam replies that Christianity may be more lofty than Islam, but is "in the air." The superiority of Islam over Christianity—Ameer Ali and others claim paradoxically—is that its moral demand is lower.[2] In a word, Christianity is so lofty as to be impossible for human nature. Islam, they claim, by taking man as he is and ruling his life in detail is a real working religion. Let us take a concrete and searching example.

In parts of Africa Negroes are being converted to Islam because all Moslems, of whatever color, are brothers, whereas Christians set up a hard impenetrable color-bar, actually within the fold of the Church.

Christianity holds in the abstract the lofty creed of world brotherhood, says the Moslem, but it does not work in practise. Christendom rejects brotherhood in practise, even within the Christian society, which is the church. Islam, on the other hand, makes no pretensions of world brotherhood. The world, for a Mohammedan, is divided sharply into the House of Islam and the House of War. If you are in, you are really in; and if you are out, you are out. There will be world brotherhood when all men are Moslems, but not before. But meanwhile all Moslems are of the brotherhood. There is no

[2] See *The Spirit of Islam* quoted in Chapter Five.

color-bar within the fold. Take the food that Mohammed sets on the table and you are free of the feast; you can sit where you will. Reject his food; and be you prince or peasant, white or black, you are out in the darkness.

What can the Christian say? He cannot, taking it in the broad, deny the facts. The Moslem says that in this matter Christianity has been tried and found wanting. The Christian can reply—with G. K. Chesterton—that "Christianity has been found difficult and not tried." This, however, is unconvincing unless he can go further and say that Christianity, as a working faith for all relationships, *shall* be tried and in this generation; and that we of the younger generation will before God dedicate ourselves in high adventure to that end.

5

This leads us to ask whether if Islam is not possible as a Master Word for the future, Western civilization—Christendom as we call it—holds the key. We dare not, if we look back over the past, answer that Western civilization will save the Moslem world.

In one of the rare passages of reflection which Viscount Grey permits himself in his weighty and restrained narrative of foreign affairs, covering the years that led up to the World War,[3] he outlines the relationships of Christendom with Turkey under the blighting misgovernment of Abdul Hamid, with outbreaks of cruel outrage upon Christian minorities, and under that of his successors. It is a story of jealousy, fear, and self-interest, in which Russia, Germany, and Austria from different

[3] *Twenty-five Years: 1892–1916.* Viscount Grey of Falloden.

sides resisted—suspecting her motives—whatever move Britain attempted to make to effect reform. Then Viscount Grey asks:

> What has come of all this rivalry, this struggle for prestige and for gain?
>
> The thrones of Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow are empty; Germany, to get on her feet, is receiving international help on terms that would once have seemed incredibly humiliating. The fragment of country of which Vienna is now the capital has been a suppliant to the League of Nations, happily with success, to be saved from annihilation. Russia has had years of internal bloodshed, terror, and untold misery, of which we do not yet see the end.
>
> It would be distorting true perspective to say that lack of idealism in Near East policy was the cause of all this disaster; but it may fairly be said that it was a symptom of things that were the cause, and it was from the Near East that the flash came which fired the train of dire consequences.

Lack of idealism in Near East policy a symptom of things that were the cause of all this disaster! How much farther back than Lord Grey's record can we go and find the same terrible verdict of facts written in suspicion and hate, in ignorance and vice, in blood and anguish, across the embittered and blasted life of these lands. And written there so often by the nations that have taken and bear the Christian name!

Early in that record we see the Crusaders riding triumphantly into Jerusalem, their horses sending up fountains of blood as they stamp over the massacred Moslem bodies in the streets where Jesus walked. He walked there healing men, and at the last bearing on His bent

shoulders a Cross on which He died that men might live. The Crusaders wore on their breasts the Cross—wore it in the very act of massacre. We follow the story of the relations of Christian and Moslem through the confused turmoil of the tormented centuries in which Ottoman and Byzantine plotted and counterplotted, and alternately assassinated and debauched each other.

French, Spanish, Italian, and British strode into and ruled North Africa and Egypt, Palestine and Syria. German, Russian, and Austrian stretched out hands into Asia Minor and Persia, each elbowing the other out of the way.

A sordid commercial scramble followed in this twentieth century, in which Dutch, American, and British reveal a passion to control oil-wells in strange contrast with their lack of zeal for the future of the Armenian. If only the Armenian mountains had been veined with gold, or their valleys had run with oil! Then one of the Powers might have taken that mandate for this area and these people which the United States of America could not accept at the end of the War.

It is clear that Western civilization and Western science can put the feet of the Moslem world in the way of material progress. They can secularize Islam into agnosticism. They can contribute some ideals and habits of just government and medical healing. But they give no evidence at all of being able to save the peoples of the Moslem world; and they cannot lead Young Islam on its trek from the old to any ultimate good.

6

Looking over those areas closely, the student will, however, find one region of life in which there has been and is "idealism in Near East policy." It is the region of life which led the late Viscount Bryce, Ambassador to the United States of America, and the supreme historian and interpreter of the American Constitution, to say to the writer, in the last conversation that we had together, these memorable words: *"No invader in all history going into the Near East from outside has ever done those lands any good except the missionaries."*

Why this momentous exception? For it *is* momentous. This is not the *obiter dictum* of a globe-trotter. It is the considered statement of a man of unique capacity. Lord Bryce had peerless historical scholarship, superb knowledge of the Moslem world running intimately into all its areas, and over its whole record, and he had cool, almost infallible judgment. It is, then, of vital importance to all who care for the peace and happiness of the world and for the future of the peoples of these lands to know with some precision what Lord Bryce meant. For clearly the one force that has done and is doing good to those people should be advanced and sustained by the strong and informed help of all men of good-will. Indeed, if what he said be true, to take a place personally in the ranks of these missionaries would be distinction more enviable than that of an ambassador of state.

Fortunately, although Lord Bryce did not elaborate his point, what he meant is quite clear.

As we have looked out over these areas in this book,

we have seen a few of the many colleges, schools, orphanages, hospitals, and churches created in these areas by the missionaries. The youth of Islam—men and women, boys and girls—many thousands of the cream of the young Moslem world—are playing in their athletic fields, training in their laboratories and classrooms, arguing in their rooms, debating in their clubs, worshiping in their chapels, dreaming dreams, and seeing visions. These students become doctors, editors, civil servants, lawyers, civil engineers, members of Parliament, educators, preachers, and, above all, men and women, husbands and wives, parents of a new type, the leaders of a new order of civilization in Moslem lands.

Viscount Bryce meant that what is happening in these missionary centers is just this. That the one supreme need of the Moslem world is being met here by the supreme gift that can be made. That gift is the creation of character—character in a new leadership, and character in the nations. The supreme force for creating such character is the power of Christian education.

Christian education means two things that are at heart only one. First, an education that reveals the world—through geography, history, science, mathematics, and so on—as a world created and cared for by God—the Almighty Spirit revealed by Jesus Christ—the Father who works through moral law to achieve his will, which is love.

It means, second, education in what Christ himself is and means for the individual and society. It is not possible here to try to express what that means. The issue becomes clearer, however, if in a few faulty sentences we can try to state the Christian faith.

The Christian believes that God eternally is what we see in Christ. From the manger to the Cross, Jesus of Nazareth was the Love of God fully real in activity on earth. The activity of all love is sacrifice. So that Figure upon the Cross is the heart of the love of God in action. The Cross is, thus, as Traherne said, "the center of Eternity." The Life and the Death of Christ on the Cross and His Resurrection reveal—on the plane of history—the perfect eternal love of God. So God achieves in Christ His Perfect Sacrifice of love for Man and reconciles Man to Himself. That same relationship of love is to exist between man and God and between man and man. That Jesus was Perfect makes Him not less but more human; for it made Him what we as humans want to be, and opened a way.

God is, as Holy Spirit, our Companion here and now, through Whom we share His love and enter His Way of Life. God the Father transcendent, God human in history and eternity as Jesus Christ, God immanent as Spirit is fully and absolutely One.

He is, thus, One in a far fuller sense than is the Allah conception of Mohammed, just as a chord of music is one in a far fuller sense than a single note. The Allah of Islam is God-transcendent. There He stays in lonely Majesty, though the longing of Moslem man to bring Him nearer has broken out as in Sufism and many other forms of mystical communion. This Islamic view of God eternal and transcendent is true so far as it goes, but utterly untrue if it is stated as a full revelation of what God is. It is like a broken torso of a statue, a true presentation so far as it goes, but utterly untrue if presented as a man. It is inadequate as a vision of

what God really is in His fulness. It is inadequate because it is a picture of God separate from and therefore unable to have communion with men. This is the cause of the decay of Moslem civilization, because this absolute view of God transcendent in His inscrutable awful will makes man cry "Kismet" and cease to build, create, educate, expand, invent, develop medicine and sanitation and all the agencies that heal and strengthen man in body, mind, and spirit.

Christ, Who reveals God-transcendent, adds something new and absolutely central and essential to truth, yet absent from Islam—that God always has a welcome for man—that, in a word, "Our fellowship is with the Father." In that truth lies the secret of the saving of man and the spring of all progress; because it is the living heart of all our thought of the eternally growing free personality of man.

Read the Koran; then read the parable of the Prodigal Son. Think hard and long and deep on the differing conceptions of God and Man shown in Christ's view and Mohammed's. It will then be startlingly clear why one is the death and the other the life of advance for man in this world and the next.

7

If our path so far has been based on reality, four things are true.

The first is that young Islam is moving from an old civilization towards another that is not yet born.

The second is that neither Islam nor Western civilization nor Western diplomacy nor Western science can

lead that (or any) youth into either personal fulness of life or into a new order of life adequate to the world situation.

The third is that Christianity has in essence the truth that can create both leaders and peoples for this new order of life.

The fourth is that the missionary forces have begun to see the supreme need and opportunity presented by this movement of youth, of shaping life afresh after the pattern of Christ's ideal—the vision of the Kingdom of God.

There remains one thing to do: to translate the ideal into the actual; to carry forward to fruition the heroic experiment of the present missionary forces in the development of Christian character in the youth of the Islamic world toward the Kingdom of God.

Has that task ever been faced? Can we see its outlines? Can we know something of what it demands of us, if it is to be accomplished?

It is a great thing to be able to say that, so far as the Protestant forces of Christendom are concerned, at last and for the first time in history the whole task has now been faced by those working in the Moslem field. It remains for those in the rest of the world to share the vision and the work.

The Christian men and women working in all those areas came together in 1924 to look out at this great Moslem world as a whole, to learn from each other so that the perspective should be true; and then work out together the policy to be followed and the call to be made.

Their picked leaders—after two years of preparation—

met in area conferences, in North Africa, in Egypt, in Syria, and in Iraq. Then the trusted representatives of all these areas and India met in one supreme week among the olive groves on the crest of the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem.

Talking with these men and women,—Arab and Egyptian, Syrian and Armenian, British and European and American,—I began to see with new eyes the meaning of Viscount Bryce's words, that of all invaders these alone had brought good to these peoples. Watching them, sharing their best thought, hearing of their work, laboring in their formulation of policy on the present situation and the future policy, I began to see a new day for these ancient lands.

New attitudes are demanded by this new day, a new orientation of mind and spirit and a new leadership, at once in the Moslem world and in the Christian world.

To achieve that will demand something new and heroic in our younger generation of Western Christendom.

First, the whole attitude of Christendom to Islam and to the peoples of the Moslem world must be made Christian. A first essential to a Christian attitude toward anything is to see the good that is in it. Another essential is to desire to share the good that we have with others.

With regard to Islam itself as a Faith, this means that we recognize its elements of truth. It also means, however, that, if we really care for the good of the Moslem peoples, we also face frankly the inadequacy of Islam and present what we are certain is the fuller, the perfect, truth in Christ.

The first step, however, in doing that very thing is to

present Him in our lives as Western peoples. This calls for deep repentance for the abundant evils—of commission and of omission—that all the great Western nations have worked on the Mohammedan peoples. There must be the works of repentance. That is to say, there must be no more diplomatic or commercial exploitation in these lands.

Men of the world will say that this idealism would mean disaster. To this we reply that they do not know that, for it has never been tried. And in any case it cannot work a tithe of the hideous disaster that has been wrought by "lack of idealism." However, it will mean for some of the new generation bitter persecution and possibly the cutting off of the careers of some young Western Christian politicians and business men, if they adventure in the attempt to bring diplomacy, railway concessions and constructions, oil and grain, opium and cotton dealings, up to the standards of Christ.

Second, a new attitude must be taken by the West toward the ancient churches of those lands. And those ancient churches must take a new attitude to the Moslem populations around them. These two changes might alone turn the whole movement of young life in Moslem lands toward the Kingdom of God.

Many people have poured scorn on the Christianity of the old Coptic Church in Egypt, with its eight hundred thousand members, and upon the Greek Orthodox Church in the Near East. Indeed, those churches, viewed coldly from without, have seemed to be almost dead as spiritual and moral forces. What else, indeed, could be expected after thirteen hundred years of the struggle to keep alive under the shadow of an all-powerful Islam?

To listen to the weird chanting of the priests in the gloom and incense smoke of the ancient Coptic service in Old Cairo and in the Greek Orthodox service in Bethlehem, is to be bewildered and yet thrilled by a tormenting play of ideas, of hopes, and of fears.

In Bethlehem, for instance, we are in the oldest church in the world. We worship at the place where our Lord was born. In Old Cairo we are in a Coptic church built, they believe, over the home where Mary and Joseph with the Baby Jesus lived during the flight into Egypt from Herod. Between us and the foundations of those churches flow nineteen centuries of running history. Those centuries carry us right back to the very fount of our life. The service that we are sharing is a series of movements and a sequence of prayers in a dead language. How infinitely remote it seems to be from the needs of the driving, hustling cosmopolitan city life of Cairo—half Damascus and half Paris—that throbs outside the church doors. The nationalist revolution, the industrial revolution, the scientific revolution, the clamor of agnosticism, of Bolshevism, of careerism—what can these old churches do to meet these, and not only to meet but to master them?

To put the question bluntly in concrete terms: Can we expect that any Christian from these ancient churches will lead Moslem youth in this new day?

The splendid truth is that from some areas the answer "Yes" is already beginning to come. There is new life beginning to bud and bloom on the ancient tree. The picture of two men connected with Young Men's Christian Association work, one in Asia Minor and the other in Assiut, Egypt, must suffice.

Yacoub Fem, whose father was born in the Coptic church, faced the above question for more than two years, first as a critical member, then as Assistant Secretary in the Cairo Young Men's Christian Association. He was a school-teacher and he added to his school work service at the Reception Desk of the Y. M. C. A. from 5:30 to 9:30 P.M. Then he made up his mind. He sailed for America to enter the Y. M. C. A. College at Springfield. He is taking the secretarial course and will return for a life work with the association. He is investing all his savings from ten years' teaching in the venture. He wants to pay his own way and has enough on hand to travel to America and pay expenses for one school year, from then on he will earn and pay as he goes.

He represents dividends on missionary investment for he is the product of the United Presbyterian Mission Schools, having graduated from Assiut College.

John Kirmiz is an Orthodox Greek from Smyrna, where Mr. Wilbert Smith, Y. M. C. A. Secretary in Cairo, met him on the Association staff in 1922. The following September, when the Turks captured the city, the Association building was burned down. John's father was killed and his mother died of exposure in escaping to Greece. Two younger sisters and one brother were left to his care. They reached Alexandria. He got a business job, and then came to see Mr. Smith in Cairo.

In Smyrna he had pledged his life to the secretaryship and had had two years' training. The Cairo Y. M. C. A.

needed a stenographer, so he studied shorthand along with his work and home duties. That finished, he gave up business and came to the Y. M. C. A. At the end of a year he was made Office Secretary. He also represents dividends on missionary investment. In three years he completed the four-year course at the International College in Smyrna. Now he studies Arabic, although he already reads and writes Greek, Turkish, French and English. He has not only made a home for his two sisters, but has also enabled his brother to prepare for and complete the first year of medicine at the University of Athens. He will be an important factor in the Y. M. C. A. training plan for young Egyptian secretaries, for he has counted the cost and paid the price of such service. Although a foreigner in Egypt—where foreigners are not popular—he has the respect and confidence of all who come into the building.

As one sees men like these coming into action; as one looks on those ancient churches from which the men have come, and upon the stored experience of those churches, the wonder of their possibilities grows.

It recalls a personal experience in Jerusalem. There, in a strange chamber of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as a special favor, the priceless treasures of the Greek Orthodox Church were brought out. Great robes embroidered with tens of thousands of pearls; books whose covers were encrusted with countless diamonds, rubies and sapphires; headdresses for the patriarchs and others that were one blaze of gold and precious stones, sparkling and glowing; crosses that dazzled at once by

their jeweled brilliance and their priceless value. It is believed that we saw at least fifteen million dollars' worth of jeweled instruments of Christian worship that afternoon. But all that priceless wealth and brilliance are stored up and hidden in dark cupboards, while outside the world goes by poor and unilluminated. And all this in the church built to commemorate the death and the rising of the Christ who, a peasant-man, poured out the riches of God for man in His death.

It is a parable of the stored-up possibilities that lie at present largely unused within the ancient Eastern Churches.

Beyond a new attitude of both Western and Eastern Christianity to Islam and the Moslem peoples, and a new attitude of the West to the Eastern Churches, there must be a new attitude of the Western Churches to each other in face of their common task. We should not have that task to face if the churches in the past had lived to the level of their opportunity. If the church in the sixth and seventh centuries had been alert to its work, Mohammed would have known real Christianity and Islam could not have arisen. If later, the churches had united in face of Islam it would have wilted.

A new opportunity presents itself today. If the Church fails in unity and in attitude, in strategy and in sacrifice, it will lose a supreme hour of God for making Christ king over those lands that are so peculiarly his own.

Millions of the youth of the Moslem world lift up their faces to a new horizon. They are ready to step out to a new goal. They will listen to a Voice that will give

them a Master Word for living their personal lives and for building a new order of life for their lands.

Mohammed and the Faith that he gave to the world can never give that Master Word, nor lead them to that goal. For, with all the truth that it indeed contains, it is eternally cramped within the walls of its origins and tied to the fatal flaws of its founder. It can have no place as the basis for a world-order or for individuals in that order.

Western civilization can never lead them to that goal. Obsessed by material wealth, obese with an industrial plethora, drunk with the miracles of its scientific advance, blind to the riches of the world of the spirit, and deafened to the inner Voice by the outer clamor, Western civilization may destroy the old in Islam, but it cannot fulfil the new.

When the shriek of the factory whistle has drowned the voice of the muezzin, and when the smoke-belching chimney has dwarfed the minaret, obscured the sky, and poisoned the air, young Islam will be no nearer to the Kingdom of God. Their bandits will simply forsake the caravan routes of the desert for the safer and more lucrative mercantile and militarist fields.

Nor can the churches of Christendom, as they are today and of themselves, lead the Moslem peoples to that goal. Limited in their vision, separatist in spirit, tied to ecclesiastical systems, the churches of themselves if transported *en bloc* to the Moslem world, would not save it. They have not saved their own civilization. They have not made Christian their own national foreign policies in relation to the Moslem peoples. They have not purged the Western commerce that sells to the East

and that grows rich on its oil-wells, but passes by on the other side while the Armenian, stripped and beaten, lies in the ditch of misery.

Christ, however, can lead the Moslem peoples to that goal, and can lead the Western peoples to a new comradeship with them. The clear call is to give in this supreme hour our lives into His hands; to give our brain and our body as well as our emotion and our money—to think out in fellowship with one another and with Young Islam the route of the new trek and the goal of the new pilgrimage.

A young man or woman of the West, seeking a place in the world field in which to play his part, will find in the service of this new world of Young Islam something that will call out every power that is in him. The teacher, or the writer with the power to make life real in printed words, the editor or the artist, the organizer, the social worker, or the preacher, can find no greater opening for his or her gift than here—here in fellowship with the youth of Islam that is on trek in those ancient lands to a new world.

Then we may hope even in this generation to begin to see on the horizon the minarets and spires of that Holy City whose walls will embrace humanity.

Go where you will through the Moslem world, you will discover everywhere that loyalty centers always around a person. The leader who succeeds and captures the imagination can command.

The Moslem will cheerfully argue theology with you by the day; but the way to his heart is not by the avenue of theological dialectic. It will be by the sheer Kingship

of Christ—the commanding Lord of Love—that he will come into the service that is freedom.

The picture comes back to the mind of one of these Western men in Mesopotamia—a missionary doctor at work there now. The life of a young Arab was at stake. He could only be saved by transfusion of blood from a healthy man. The doctor told the youth's family and asked from which of them he could take the blood—father, brothers, cousins, all refused to be lanced to give their blood even for their own kin.

The white doctor saw one way and one way only of saving the life. He took that way. He lanced his own body and gave his blood to save the young Arab.

A window opened in the spirit of those watching Arabs. New light poured in. They were amazed. This was something that had never come into their lives before. From that day that doctor has been able to do what he will with those Arabs, and no man dare harm a hair of his head.

"He is our brother now," they say of the doctor to one another. "His blood is in our veins."

Yes, but the doctor had in fact done more than even any brother had been ready to do. What was it that made him able and willing to sacrifice what they would not give even for their own brother? It was not the doctor simply—but Christ in him—shedding His blood again for man. That was the conquering power in the missionary. What made the difference between the refusal of the Arabs and the readiness of the white man to pour out his blood for them was not the difference of race. It was the difference of Lordship. It was the difference between Mohammed and Jesus Christ.

READING LIST

In preparing this list an effort has been made to limit it, as far as possible, to books now in print and readily available. A few titles now out of print have been included, however, because of their special value as reference material on particular subjects. Such books are marked with a dagger (†).

Books marked "MEM" are published in England, but are available in the United States through the Missionary Education Movement and may be ordered from denominational headquarters.

The following titles are suggested as the nucleus of a small reference library that might be purchased for collateral study by groups desiring to procure a few good books that are recent, moderate in price, and easily obtainable. For details concerning author, publisher, and price consult the full list below.

Arab at Home, The. Paul W. Harrison.
Moslem Faces the Future, The. T. H. P. Sailer.
Moslem Women. A. E. and S. M. Zwemer.
Moslem World in Revolution, The. W. Wilson Cash.
Moslem World of To-day, The. John R. Mott, Editor.
Outline of the Religion of Islam, An. H. U. Weitbrecht Stanton.
Shepard of Aintab. Alice S. Riggs.
Story of Islam, The. Theodore R. W. Lunt.

Islam as a Religion

Koran, The. Tr. by J. M. Rodwell. Everyman edition. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 80 cents.
This inexpensive translation arranges the Suras in their probable order of composition.

Outline of the Religion of Islam, An. H. U. Weitbrecht Stanton. Missionary Equipment and Literature Supply, Ltd., London. 1925. 40 cents. (MEM)
A helpful summary in less than fifty pages of the main features of Islam, by an experienced missionary in the Punjab.

Selections from the Qur'an. Rodwell's translation. Arranged by H. U. Weitbrecht Stanton. Macmillan Co., New York. 35 cents. A text for students.

History of Islam

Ahmadiya Movement, The. H. A. Walter. Oxford University Press, New York. 1918. $2.00. (The Religious Life of India Series.)

†*Modern Movements among Moslems.* S. G. Wilson. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1915.
A summary of the religious, educational, social, and political developments of Islam in the nineteenth century.

Outline of History. H. G. Wells. Macmillan Co., New York. 1921. $5.00. The chapters on Moslem history are useful as a condensed account.

Short History of the Near East, A. W. S. Davis. Macmillan Co., New York. 1922. $3.00.
Covers the history of Christian Constantinople, early Islam, the Caliphate, and the Turkish period.

Story of Islam, The. T. R. W. Lunt. United Council for Missionary Education, London. 1921. 75 cents. (MEM)
A clearly written account, planned especially for young people, of the life of Mohammed, the beginning of Islam, and conditions under Islam as its followers face Christianity today.

The Present Situation

Beginning again at Ararat. Mabel E. Elliott. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1924. $2.00.
The story, full of thrilling adventures, of the four years' experiences of an American physician in relief work of the Near East.

Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia, The. E. A. Powell. Century Co., New York. 1923. $2.50.
Some rather positive views on post-war conditions in the Near East.

Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway. E. M. Earle. Macmillan Co., New York. 1923. $2.25.
An able treatment of the clash of European interests in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia before the War.

Individual Countries

Turkey

Modern Turkey. Eliot G. Mears. Macmillan Co., New York. 1924. $6.00.
A politico-economic interpretation, 1908-1923 inclusive, with selected chapters by representative authorities.

Western Question in Greece and Turkey, The: A Study in the Contact of Civilizations. A. J. TOYNBEE. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1923. $5.00.
Sets forth recent events in correct historical perspective, and studies the influence of modern Western social idealism on that of the ancient East.

PALESTINE AND SYRIA

Palestine, the Land of Three Faiths. PHILIP GRAVES. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1923. $4.50.
Describes the problems of the British mandate and its early working.

Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine, The. F. J. BLISS. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1912. $2.50. A well-written description of the various sects, Christian and Moslem, that mingle in the Levant.

Syria. LEONARD STEIN. Adelphi Co., New York. 1926. $1.50.
A concise account of some of the salient features in the course of events in Syria from the Armistice, 1918, to the end of 1925.

EGYPT

Egyptian Problem, The. VALENTINE CHIROL. Macmillan Co., New York. 1920. $3.00.
A penetrating review, giving the history of the rise of Egyptian nationalism, with a masterly analysis of its distinctive characteristics.

†*Valley of the Nile, The.* C. R. WATSON. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 1908.
A handbook on Egypt in its relation to Christianity, giving a survey of missionary effort in that country.

Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt, A. GRACE THOMPSON SETON. Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. 1923. $3.00.
The first part of this book contains a good account, in journalistic style, of the feminist movement in Egypt.

PERSIA

American Task in Persia, The. ARTHUR C. MILLSPAUGH. Century Co., New York. 1925. $3.00.
The personal narrative of the American Financial Adviser, optimistic in tone.

Persia. P. M. SYKES. Oxford University Press, New York. 1922. $2.50.
A brief history of Persia from the foundation of the empire to events at the close of the World War.

ARABIA

Arab at Home, The. PAUL W. HARRISON. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 1924. $3.50.
An especially vivid and readable picture of Arabs of the desert and littoral of the Persian Gulf, showing their customs, environment, and religion, based on fourteen years' experience in Arabia.

INDIA AND THE PHILIPPINES

India, a Bird's-eye View. LAWRENCE J. RONALDSHAY. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1924. $5.00.
Touches upon Indian history, architecture, social and industrial life, and has some excellent chapters on Islam in India.

People of the Philippines, The. FRANK C. LAUBACH. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1925. $3.50.
Part II on Islam in the Philippines is one of the best treatments of this subject in recent literature.

CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM

Christian Approach to Islam. J. L. BARTON. Pilgrim Press, Boston. 1918. 50 cents.
A sketch of the history of Islam, its principal characteristics, and suggestions for presenting the Christian message.

Moslem Faces the Future, The. T. H. P. SAILER. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1926. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 60 cents.
For study and discussion groups concerning the dominant social, educational, and religious movements throughout the Moslem world.

Moslem Women. A. E. and S. M. ZWEMER. The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, West Medford, Mass. 1926. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.
Shows the real condition of women under Islam and the need for the ministry of the church of Christ to these women.

Moslem World in Revolution, The. W. WILSON CASH. Edinburgh House Press, London. 1925. 80 cents. (MEM)
A popular account of the vast changes that are transforming the Moslem world today, leading up to the new opportunity of the church today among Moslems.

Moslem World of To-day, The. JOHN R. MOTT, Editor. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1925. $2.50.
A symposium, presenting many aspects of the Moslem world today, its development and problems, written by leading students on the subject.

Near East: Crossroads of the World. WILLIAM H. HALL. Missionary Education Movement. New York. 1920. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.
A study book presenting a valuable summary of the situation in the Near East at the close of the World War, especially from the religious point of view.

Rebuke of Islam, The. W. H. T. GAIRDNER. United Council for Missionary Education, London, 1920. 60 cents. (MEM)
This is the fifth edition, rewritten and revised, of the *Reproach of Islam.* An introduction to the study of Mohammedanism, its history, its teaching, and its relations with Christianity.

BIOGRAPHIES

Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier. T. L. PENNELL. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1909. Import to order only. A fascinating story of a big-hearted missionary doctor working among turbulent people.

Educational Ambassador to the Near East, An. HESTER D. JENKINS. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1925. $2.50.
The story of Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, who spent a large part of her life in connection with what is now Constantinople Woman's College.

Henry Martyn: Confessor of the Faith. CONSTANCE PADWICK. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1922. $1.50.

†*Ion Keith-Falconer of Arabia.* J. ROBSON. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1924. Life of the pioneer missionary to Arabia.

Measure of a Man, The. MARY L. SHEDD. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1922. $2.00. A biography of William A. Shedd of Persia.

My Life and Times. CYRUS HAMLIN. Pilgrim Press, Boston. 1893. 50 cents.
The inspiring career of the founder of Robert College.

Raymond Lull: First Missionary to the Moslems. S. M. ZWEMER. Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York. 1902. 75 cents.
An illustrated, vivid and interesting biography.

Shepard of Aintab. ALICE S. RIGGS. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1920. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 75 cents.
The life of a great medical missionary to Turkey.